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THE

WANDERER IN AYRSHIRE :

A TOUR,

IN SEARCH OF PUBLIC SPIRIT.

BY HUGH CAMPBELL,

COSMOPOLITE.

Terra—potens armis, atque ubere glebae.

VIRGIL.

Clime of the mighty unsforgotten brave,—
Whose Land, from plain to mountain cave,
Was Freedom's home, or Glory's grave !

LORD BYRON.

Dignum laude virum musa vetat mori.

HORACE.

KILMARNOCK :

Printed by Hugh Crawford,

FOR THE AUTHOR.

1817.

P R E F A C E.

HAVING nothing to employ a mind and body accustomed to activity, and possessed of a wish to know all that can be known of the History and Antiquities of Scotland, I commenced making Rhyming Notes on Scenes Ancient and Modern, which I visited in Ayrshire, in the following desultory manner. Doctor Johnson has said, “That Writers write not for every reader!” Of the propriety of his remark I am fully convinced; and, thence, am inclined to think that, the, apparently, eccentric manner in which I offer my first Essay to the Public, may be perused only by the few. I despair not,—and, thank God! I am wholly independant of authorship.

To those, who, on perusal, may think the Rhyme savours too strongly of the Romantic, I would answer, That, it is almost impossible for a man, possessed of feelings, to visit a County, which produced one of the greatest Monarchs, one of the most amiable Queens, the most inflexible Patriot, the sternest Warriors, the most amiable and beautiful of their sex, and the most generous and beneficent men that ever graced a country, without swerving, occasionally from the dull monotony of rhyme to follow the prompting feelings, however their signs may sound.

It will be found, on perusal, that I have not confined the noun, “Coila,” to that District of Ayrshire, called Kyle, only, but have, indiscriminately, applied it to all parts of that County, as well as to the River of Ayr. I address myself to those only who may purchase the Four, and consider myself under no obligations whatever, to the other part of the community.

A serious indisposition prevented me from making many alterations and additions to the Rhyme, which many will, no doubt, think large enough : I, however, regret the brevity of some parts, and the total omission of others : which, should this small Edition be favourably received, and my health restored, may yet be lengthened and inserted !

In the words of GOLDSMITH, BURNS, and POPE, I will now add—

“ Think not, my Friends, when virtue’s praise I state,
 “ I mean to flatter, or to court the great”—
 “ Such may do, maun do, with them, who
 “ Maun please the great folk for a wamesfu!”
 “ Ye Powers of Trith, that bid my sonl aspire,
 “ Far from my bosom drive the low desire.”
 “ Careless of censnre, nor too fond of faine;
 “ Still pleas’d to praise, yet not afraid to blame ;
 “ Averse alike to flatter or offend,
 “ Not free from faults, nor yet too late to mend !”

If, in the following pages, I may have attempted to place the wreath of feeling and patriotism on undeserving

brows, I, most sincerely, regret it;—and, as an only solace for the mistake, I have to hope, that their future lives may deserve my anticipated, homely praise!—and serve to stimulate others to adopt the praise-worthy system of considering themselves the accredited agents of Almighty God, and the established bankers of the poor! In acquiring the little knowledge I possess of individuals, mentioned in the following Tour, I have universally avoided their equals or interested dependants when I was roaming in search of information. In a sort of disguise I visited the peasant's cot, and there insidiously obtained the characters of many of the landholders of this County—which, from better informed channels, I have since ascertained to be strictly correct. “*Vox Populi vox Dei!*”

Leaving the reader to form his opinion from the sequel, I will close this Preface, with an extract from a Letter written by that illustrious, but ill-requited Soldier, Statesman and Scholar, Sir Walter Raleigh, to his Son, a short time previous to his execution. I have from my infancy, considered the advice, contained therein, the noblest that could be given, or adopted by men of Property! A series of misfortunes, which I experienced at an early age, have enabled me, (by placing me in the way of noticing the happy effects of such matchless precepts,) to say, that a general adoption of them would be effectually successful in removing the barrier of jealousy, which unhappily lies between the rich and poor classes

of Society; and, of establishing that confidence which alone ensures happiness to all.

In my opinion, it displays but a weakness of intellect, to hold out as an objection to a more liberal intercourse, between the extreme classes of Society,—that an advantage would be taken by the poor, and freedoms would ensue, on their part, that would immediately render the intention ineffectual! Exceptions may be found!—but in a general sense the objection is refutable; for I feel confident in stating, that proper respect and decorum will ever be paid where worth and goodness make it due; even by the most ignorant and unenlightened classes of Society.—However, this may be the subject of a future Essay.

“ My Son, let my experienced advice, and Fatherly “ instructions, sink deep into thy heart. Seek not riches “ basely, nor attain them by evil means! destroy no man “ for his wealth, nor take any thing from the poor; for “ the cry thereof will pierce the Heavens: and it is most “ detestable before God, and most dishonourable before “ worthy men, to wrest any thing from the needy and “ labouring soul. God will never prosper thee if thou “ offendest therein. Use thy poor neighbours and tenants “ well! have compassion on the poor and afflicted, and “ God will bless thee for it! make not the hungry soul “ sorrowful: for if he curse thee in the bitterness of his “ spirit, his prayers shall be heard of Him that mad- “ him!” Adieu.

January. 1817.

THE

WANDERER IN AYRSHIRE.

INTRODUCTION.

HERE thrown ashore from war's tempestuous sway,
Alone enraptur'd through the verdant shades
I stray—and haply sing a plaintive lay,
Or listen warbling songsters of the glades ;
Or, sometimes, strive to please auld Coila's maids—
The sweetest, gayest, loveliest, of the isle !
Whose virtue—mingled beauty never fades,
Nor faces seem divested of a smile,
Which still the Wanderer's heart is ready to beguile.

Since Coila's sweetest Bard is heard no more,
Whose strains reach'd Caledonia's farthest strand ;
Thence cheer'd her sons on earth's remotest shore—
Who now may touch her harp with daring hand !

Who can the feeling fiery strings command,
Or hope to raise the generous bosom's thro'e?
Oh, may a Wanderer forward boldly stand,
Whose fingers difficulties never know,
To sing the fertile soil where beauty, valour, grow!

I aim not at the sense-entrancing strains,
That charm the mind, or call the pitying tear:
I could not sing what modesty restrains,
Or give the female breast a cause for fear:
My rough rude lays would ever be sincere,
And honest, candid, without flattery, true;
While like my element I wish them clear,
And like it smooth, or swelling—boist'rous too—
Praises I might omit—but worth should have its due.

When rude the land and swains, as is the clime,
Here liv'd my ancestors from days of yore;
Men, Scotia found in dangers “bide their time!”
The favours of the oppressed still they wore!—
O'er many a gory field the signals bore,
At which fell tyranny shrunk ghastly pale:

Or dark invaders left the freemen's shore,
Or spill'd, t' enrich the soil—their blood—what could they more?

Blame not my wish, then should I strive to sing,
Of scenes where Patriotism yet does dwell !
Or if the infant muse should raise her wing
The deeds of heroes, or of maids to tell !
The share of glory that to Coila fell,
Fain would I note—high themes of other days—
And long my harp's lorn strings would fondly swell,
The joyful accents—emulous of praise,
Or beauty to adorn't with virtue's noblest bays.

* * * * *

This would a youth heath-seated on the hill,
That rises bleak o'er Largs' immortal field ;²
Where erst fair Freedom saw red Norway spill
His blood—where freemen her bright swords did wield !
There, low the invaders to their foes did kneel,
Who even then with mercy could subdue,
And make usurpers Scotia's pow'r to feel ;—
Whose sons are ever to their country true,
And vengeful to her foes—bear witness Waterloo.

While these were mingling with the gale,
The youth commenc'd his wand'ring tale!—
But first he turn'd from Morven's hills,
And from bleak Lorn's white dashing rills:
Then over hills and vales between,
Of flow'ry heath and pastures green;
And lofty oaks that wild deer cover,
Where playful strays the antler'd lover,
His tearful eye stretch'd forth to see
The place—where Caledonia, free.
First bless'd her Wallace's redoubted name,
That kindled in each breast a patriotic flame;
Then o'er his new-strung harp,
A moment raptur'd bending,
The fountain of his eyes
Its gentle bounds o'erflow'd;
While sweet extatic thoughts,
With joy his bosom rending,
Press'd in his crowded mind,
Where some ardent feelings glow'd.—
While settled fast on Loudon's mount,
Began to cease the copious fount,

That left his eyes like glistening stars,
Or weapons burnish'd bright for wars,
When on them Sol obliquely throws his ray,
As rises he, or falls the highest hill of day.
He paus'd—then trembling felt the strings,
And thought of chiefs and sceptr'd kings,
And happiness that freedom brings,

And bless'd the glorious mound !

Admir'd the scenes from Southrons freed,
Where gallant Wallace had decreed,
The noblest of their train should bleed,

Nor e'er see Southron ground.

Loudon Hill.

FROM this bless'd spot he joyful view'd,
The shore where Bruce his claims renew'd—
From which the gleaming faggots flung
Their blaze, mute substitute for tongue,
While high on waves his vessel hung

With prow towards the coast ;

Where, ruin'd now, Turnberry bore,⁴
His buttress'd tow'rs above the shore,
Where Southrons dreamt of Bruce no more,
Than Scotland to them lost.

Now in the intervening vales,⁵
Where wave high oaks to western gales,
O'er which the gay plum'd moorfowl sails,
As scenes at once his own:
He mark'd a spot encompass'd round,
By hills and heaths, which Freedom crown'd,—
Meet place for Patriots!—there since found
Who for their country shone,
Still foremost on the embattled field!
Urg'd on to glory by their zeal,
While lifeless foemen back did reel,
Pale, covering the ground.
Where'er they forc'd, the foemen fled,
High rose from flames the Eagle's head,
And where it rose, fell foemen dead,
And narrow dwellings found.
Here to his sight what seem'd a maid,
Who round these plains for pleasure stray'd

Appear'd, and unto him drew near—

While blushes boded maiden fear,

She thus address'd the bard—

“ These plains and towers, of ancient form,

“ That centuries have brav'd the storm,

“ And Owners!—friends of Scotia warm!—

“ It is my place to guard!

“ Five hundred years have pass'd their wane,

“ Since first a CAMPBELL on this plain

“ His right and heritage did gain

“ By Crawford, fair and good!*

“ His sons possess'd the gen'rous fire,

“ Untainted, of their noble sire,

“ Who virtuous feelings did inspire,

“ By actions and by blood!

“ Not spoiling time can hurt the name,

“ Nor show a deed allied to shame—

* I here allude to the marriage of the younger Campbell of Lochow, with Susannah Crawford, heiress of Sir Ronald Crawford, Scherf, or Sheriff of Ayr, who left them the estate of Loudon, and many other lands in Ayrshire; and, from whom the present Countess, and most of the Ayrshire Campbells are collaterally descended.

“ Even envy dread is dar’d to trace,
“ A thought or action of the race,
“ That blush would raise in spotless face
 That sees the glass of fame.”—

As female thoughts from birth and pride,
We never, never can divide !
So, tir’d of ancestry so vain,
I gaz’d around on grove and plain,
While history show’d me those who bore,
Their country’s weal through streams of gore :
Or check’d dread tyranny’s dark rage,
And drove oppressors off life’s stage ;
Or hurried idols off our isle,
And help’d the Gospel’s heaven-ward wile :
Or dying morals rais’d from earth,
And gave to virtue second birth ;
Or rais’d the banner high of Peace,
And bade contending factions cease :
Or sacred laws and rules design’d,
'To keep in bounds the human mind .
Or, arts, encourag’d by their plan,
With science made go hand in hand :

Or maidens, fam'd for virtuous worth,
Surpass'd by none upon the earth,
Or Poets who have swept the lyre,
With fingers touch'd by hallow'd fire,
And sung to rustic hardy swains,
The loves and joys of native plains;
Where every gentle stream and grove
Is sacred to the queen of love—
These let me now essay to sing !
Oh, harp, want'st thou the Muse's string ?

Wallace.⁶

BRAVE Chieftain ! Oh, for pens of fire !
Such does the patriot theme require,
To paint the hero true, bold, great and free,
Firm, gentle, mild, in power—great in adversity :
First, where his country call'd, in glorious strife,
Last, where embattled foemen yet were rife !
Oh, Scotia, in his wide expanded mind,
Were all the virtues of thy sons combin'd :
The feeling sigh, by tender pity ton'd,
The heart, that every selfish view disown'd—

Hence rose too high his firm exalted soul,
Thy willing sons to govern or controul:
He held thy crown a secondary part,
But built a throne in every Scotsman's heart!—
In every heart? alas! to Scotland's shame,
One was unworthy! ever d——d his name!
Pass o'er, oh pen, a bloody tyrant's rage, 7
Nor let his barb'rous deeds defile thy page!

Carric Castle.⁸

HAIL, stones, and turf-clad mounds!—for tow'rs—away,
I have long since yielded to the potent sway
Of conq'ring time! no more we see the dome,
That royal Martha nam'd her rural home!
Ah! it has fallen! let Scotland drop a tear!—
For even its dust to Scotsmen should be dear!
For me—from gazing on the mound of earth,
That form'd the dome that gave the Monarch birth:
To clear mine eyes, perhaps, I raptur'd turn,
And glow with faintest fire that grac'd thee Bannockburn.

'Twas here, upon a summer morn,
While Bruce rode hunting, his son was born,
Who Scotland's throne did long adorn,
By actions high and good;
What his grandfather lost by the Southrons' snare,
The grandson resolv'd at their loss to repair,
And never one hour did the chieftain despair,
Till he did it through seas of blood !
Ah ! long had Scotland wish'd her rightful king,
While passing years did but fresh hardships bring.
Oppress'd, even to the dust, by lawless bands,
Who wasted all the produce of her lands;
While slavery 'neath the garb of sacred law,
Threw o'er her few remaining Patriots awe; ⁹
Lest holy ties should by mistake be riven,
In freedom's cause, to anger righteous Heaven !
Thus years she groan'd beneath th' afflicting rod,
Insulted by invaders—undertrod !—
Who not by conquest had acquir'd the reins,
To govern or direct her free-born swains !
But, by a tyrant's dark designing view,
Ambitious umpire—thus would he subdue !

Hence 'twas his minions Scotia's substance spent,
Till Heaven, in Bruce, the oppressed succour sent.
Oh, did he stand his country's wrongs to see,
And weigh a Patriot's death 'gainst slavery?
No! though an outlaw in a foreign land,
The Monarch soon conjoin'd a little band—
Though few, the cause enlarg'd them to a host,
And made them conq'rors ere they reach'd thy coast.
“ Revenge and Freedom!” then the warrior's cry
Made Southrons from thee, Coila, fly or die!
And soon thy Lion, Scotia, unconfin'd,
Wav'd from thy strongest tow'rs in freeland wind.
Now, Edward, saw with grief thy gallant few,
His numerous vassals every place subdue;
Resolv'd to conquer and to chain thee down,
Nor longer leave with thee thine ancient crown—
Which to preserve, would each true Scotsman bleed!
—If not, he knows not his forefather's creed!
But like Menteith deserves eternal shame
While conscious blushes rise when nam'd his name.

Bruce's Harper's Song.

Now cam' ye Edward by the main,
Or Berwick's often conquer'd plain?
Nae odds! ye hae an unco train,
That our few Scots are scornin'!

I doubt ye'll no hae mickle gain,
O thir ye now sae much disdain:—
Man, how will ye win back again,
Frae the Highland hills some mornin'?

Oh, ken ye, Edward, Scotsmen brave,
Their country's rights will guard and save,
Or nobly fill a freeman's grave,

Whare thistles grow, adornin'?
Ye'll ne'er, in Scotland, mak' a slave
O' ane that hauds a Scotsman's glaive;
Sae back, and a' your bowmen save,—

Or ye'll rue't some comin' mornin'!
Oh, ye heights that o'erlook Bannockburn,
Did ye e'er see the Monarch return?
No! the Harper delighted,
Saw his kingship affrighted,
And Scotland requited;
While Victory's flame for his conq'rors did burn!

Fair Scotland long in peace enjoy'd her King,
And found new comforts from his precepts spring :
Train'd to misfortune, prudent, brave, and cool,
Wisdom and he the realm did jointly rule :
And when his life elaps'd, his subjects' tears
Spoke more than weeds the modern mourner wears.
Thus, Scotia, fertile Coila gave to thee
A Prince, and Chief, who made thee great and free !
Whose names were victory, wheresoe'er they came,
And conq'ring banners, still, the sign of fame !
They left that inborn spirit unsubdued,
That had, inglorious, slept,—in them renew'd—
Has since, redoubted, strew'd each hostile plain,
Where Scotia's foemen urg'd, with heaps of slain.
And few the embattled fields it has not grac'd,
From Bannockburn, to where thy warriors chas'd
A Chieftain, who would every state subdue,
From thy fam'd plain, immortal Waterloo !
Hence, wonder not, when now I view these plains,
That more than luke-warm currents fill my veins !
The patriot soil, with grateful steps, I tread,
And muse, with reverence, on the mighty dead.

Oh, next to Wallace, on th' embattled field,
Oft, Coila's Keith has made invaders yield; ¹⁰
And prov'd that many conquer not the few,
Or ought can freedom's holy rights subdue!
Brave, generous youth! too soon he join'd the slain,
When Scotland wept his fall on Stirling's plain;

Illustrious shire, a Barns you too may boast, ¹¹
A Brisbane too, whose honours on you shine;
Chieftains, whose names shall ne'er by fame be lost,
Even after Spain and all her fields decline,
Valour and matchless worth in them combine
To prove them chiefs of Coila, firm and true.
Each action form'd in tow'ring Wellesley's mind;
Thy enemies, oh, Britain, to subdue,
Still found them firm in deeds, from Torres to Waterloo!

KILMARNOCK too, her gallant sons might tell,
'Midst carnage, foremost, on the bloody field,
Urg'd glorious on, where ranks of foemen fell,
And dy'd, with Gaul's best blood, their smoaking steel;

That gleam'd o'er hosts, who basely would conceal
Their drooping Eagles, from the Briton's view ;
Till, blow on blow, made bands to darkness reel ;—
While EWART, forth the imperial symbol drew,
Coila's deputed son at glorious Waterloo.

Nor LAURIE, less the trophy verse demands ;
His fifteen scars of glory, on that plain,
He well repaid to shrinking Gallic bands,
High, piling falling heaps on heaps of slain !
His noble horse, releas'd from life and pain,
He garnish'd round with foes that did him slay ;
While dropt he faint ! nor friends could he regain.
Till found, near lifeless, on the following day,
When Britain's cross he saw, triumphant, wave in day.

What tho' no birth or titles grace such men,
Say, are they noble less than where a line,
Or parchment grants can to some coxcomb lend.
Assurance in the assembly room to shine ?
In whom degeneracy and vice combine,
With actions, base, mean, dastardly to see :

Great with the little o'er the inspiring wine—

Unlike their sires 'mongst foremost where the free,
Forc'd gallant, nobly on—"For Britain victory!"

Yet are there some, brave, great and bold!—

More so than ancestors of old!

Who from the effem'rate couch arise,
And share rude war's woe-mingling joys.
Nor trust to sires—but build their name
High on the pinnacle of fame!
And strive with foremost glorious band,
That leap ashore on foemen's strand!

Unnotic'd chiefs, forgive the wand'ring bard
Who knows ye not! may fame be your reward—
If you her noise deserve! I wander forth,
To shew the world the man of genuine worth,
To whose exertions mankind debtor stands,
Or owes the peace and blessings of our lands.

Apr.

In raptures Ayr, thine ancient tow'rs I view ¹³
 Wrung from usurpers by the force of steel :
 Joy kindled feelings here the deeds renew,
 That happen'd by thy walls for Scotia's weal :
 What pleas'd emotions o'er my senses steal
 While round thy barns I gaze, with curious eye,
 Till near, the holy turret would reveal
 Sad scenes it witness'd,—centuries gone by—
 But oh, the saddest seen were Southron banners fly ¹

Where now they fly, blest mercy flies along,
 With honour, faith, and justice, in her train :
 Nor do they heedless gaze upon the strong,
 Oppress the helpless—nor partake the pain :
 Whether from Algiers to the Polish plain,
 Alike all creeds or states they may belong—
 'Tis theirs to burst the tyrant's galling chain,
 And make fair freedom, peace, and plenty smile again !

Yet, tho' soft virtues in that iron age
 Were rare—and reason scarcely sway'd the mind.

For wars, as now, ambition must assuage
Whene'er he centred in a tyrant's mind,—
We read not that the plund'ring Southron hind,
With altar-staining, lustful, savage rage,
Would ever spoil creation's loveliest kind, ¹⁴
As late I know in Spain's distressed page,
Dark Gaul's marauding bands scarce spar'd the matrons sage!

Erigena Scott. ¹⁵

WHOSE reason pierc'd dark superstition's night,
And drank the heavenly gospel's glorious light:
From him sly priesthood shrunk with trembling fear,
And boded dissolution drawing near !
And fain, oh, fain, had overturn'd his toil,
And kept its fetters o'er our favour'd isle ;
Fattening upon the hapless ridden crew,
Who gave to sloth what they from labour drew
No more its dark resources could avail,
Since opening reason spread her venturous sail.
That all its hellish mystic tricks explor'd,
Which but profan'd the rites of Heaven's Lord.
Yet, not to Scott did Heaven confide the power,
His Word, from deeds of darkness, to restore;

Or turn his misled creatures from the ways
Of bigotry and sin,—priestcraft portrays !
No, he, as with his chosen race of yore,
Ere yet the brazen serpent high was bore,
Resolv'd, long-suffering, to extend them will,
To try if kindness would provoke them still.—
When, like the erring Jews of other days,
They would persist in blinding vicious ways ;
Till Heaven at once annull'd his kind design,
And drew a plan in Knox's glorious mind.
Yet, Coila's Scott, to that thou shew'dst the way,
And share thou shouldst the glories of the day ;
When Reformation hail'd our happy isle,
And brought the open gospel's cheering smile.

Turnberry Ruins.

FIRM as your firm foundation may ye stand,
To be a beacon to the patriot band ;
To tell yet unborn heroes that your towers
Were once compell'd to lodge a tyrant's powers,--
Till Freedom call'd her votary o'er the main,
Who drove invaders over hill and plain,

From glens and coverts, and thro' many a flood,
Staining green nature's bosom with their blood !
Till near thy borders, Scotia, none appear'd,—
So much thy warriors' arms the Southron fear'd.
Yes ! may these walls all slavery survive,
And Poets and Historians hence derive
A source for volumes, to inspire the mind
Of man, with rights that Heaven for him design'd.

Rowallen.¹⁶

HERE, fancy, couldst thou swell the trembling strings
With rapture, while I view the dome of kings.—
Not kings, but chieftains, from whom kings we name,
Not more possess'd of Heaven's ennobling flame ;¹
If patriot virtues can ennoble men,
And noble, royal make such men again.

Near level with dust are once high tow'rs,
That Scotia's plains should ever grace !

And where corn now grows were heartsome bow'r's,
Plann'd by the fairest of Scotia's race !
Methinks among the ancient oaks around,
I hear her raptur'd lute's melodious sound ;

While, Sylvan like, she trips along,
And charms the wild birds with her song :
Or, bursting on my ravish'd sight,
She seems a seraph young and light,
While the graces and virtues that speak from her face,
Announce her meet head of a royal race !
Now Robert I see, approach the maid,
Berob'd in native woolsey plaid !
While she half-willing, half-afraid,
Her blushes fain would hide :
He woos her home to her father's tow'r,
(A warrior brave of mickle pow'r !)
Around whose gate the Stuarts bold,
Whom foes by arms had ne'er controll'd ;
Rejoicing, stand to view the matchless pair,
And, with loud cries, they break the echoing air.
And cause they had to thus rejoice,
For good and fair was the Prince's choice ;
And never has Coila produc'd a maid,
From borough town or country shade,
Whose native virtues, join'd to deep-sought lore,
Could match her, whom Robert from Rowallen bore.

Rowallen, I said, was a chieftain brave,
Whose banner on many a plain did wave,
And his high-borne crest graced every field,
Where Scotland required her warrior's steel:
And never was braver or nobler in fight,
Than Muir,—Rowallen's illustrious knight.
As Edward, in feelings of dastardly spite, *
Plung'd the records of Scotland in tenfold night,
That his ancestry lay in tradition's light;

* Gray has justly made his "Bard" more severe on the first Edward, for his murder of the Bards, than I am for the destruction of the Scottish records.

"Ruin seize thee, ruthless king !
"Confusion on thy banners wait,
"Though fann'd by conquest's crimson wing,
"They mock the air with idle state !
"Weave the warp, and weave the woof,
"The winding-sheet of Edward's race ;
"Give ample room, and verge enough,
"The characters of *hell* to trace!"
At Bannockburn,—"What terrors round him wait ;
"Amazement in his van, with flight combin'd,
"And Sorrow's faded form, and Shame that skulks behind."

Vide Bass

So, its twilight, his ancestors made procure,
From Malcolm the third, the sirname of Muir !
For having, by redoubted zeal,
Compell'd invading Danes to yield,
Though thrice their numbers on the field,

By dark Lochwinnoch moor.

That may be wrong ; but Largs can tell,
The Muirs aveng'd their country well,
And high old Coila's fame did swell,

For ever to endure.

Rowallen, a judge of heroes brave,
Would rather have dug his daughter's grave,
Than made her the wife of a coxcomb knave,

Who knew but of foes by fame.

But Robert had sprung from martial blood,
And early on border fields had stood,
Whence foemen had flown, or lost life's flood,

There gain'd he a warrior's name.

'Twas thus Rowallen bestow'd the maid,
And the monarch consider'd his fields repaid ;
And over the feasting and dancing hours,
He bore his lov'd bride from her early bowers,
To lovely Dundonald's far-gazing towers.

Dundonald Castle.¹⁷

HAIL, Windsor, once, of Scotia's happy isle,
Right pleas'd I view thy venerable pile ;
Here royal Stuart held his rural court,
To which no vices ever dare resort ;
Depravity, that after mark'd his race,
With stigmas, foulest of the fiend Disgrace,
Kept far aloof. The royal swains despis'd
The deeds that were not by fair virtue priz'd :
Thus liv'd the Prince, scarce known to noisy fame,
And, dying, left his sons an honest name.
From the monarch descended a royal race,
Who Europe's crowns, at this moment, grace !
And some of his kindred virtues we trace
 In Britain's related line.

Oh ever happy be he, who the crown has worn,
Illustriously, fifty summers, and more,
Surpass'd by none of his kinsmen of yore,
 His virtues will ever shine.

The noble race, that since has own'd this dome,
Was worthy in thee, Coila, of a home,

If all thy genuine, native, kindled fire,
Or, all that virtuous actions, could inspire,
Of noble ancestors, of generous blood,
And not more noble than illustrious, good,
Could make them Patriots ; then, did they possess
Of all thy noblest,—not one feeling less.

Stair Castle.¹⁸

CLOSE by the margin of old Coila's flood,
Low in a holm,—embosom'd in a wood,
High antique hoary turrets look around,
On plains their owners oft, with victory, crown'd.
Here, ladies, by their bright example, gave
The souls of priest-led peasants, lost, to save ;
And help'd t' expel dark Superstition's night,
With Gospel truths of Heaven, resfulgent bright :
And Cincinnatus like, the chief would be
From gardens, first on plains of victory.
Him—on the field where bloody nitrous war
Stalk'd, horrible !—his foes beheld afar ;
While trembling seiz'd the wretched Gallic host,
And boded uncontested battles lost.

Nor nobler he in war than great in peace—
His active mind's rapt powers could never cease ;
Hence, oaks and elms th' embattled foes portray'd,
As erst on Blenheim, when for fight array'd,
They all the various wiles of wasting war display'd.
France wrote his name in blood, whom Scotia gave
First life with every virtue,—last a grave !

Dean Castle.¹⁹

FAST declining Gothic ruin,
Time with briars your walls is strewing ;
Where hideous owls and bats together,
Scarce find shelter from the weather ;
And where the smoaking festive board,
Smil'd before your generous lord,
Brushwood grows, as in the brake,
And toads their noisy croakings make !
Where beauty sigh'd, from inner tow'r,
Her absent lover's hunting hour :
Or swept the lyre to hopeful strains,
While absent he on hostile plains—
No sounds are heard save those the winds convey,
Passing thro' darksome crannies to the open day.

Oh zealous, generous spirit, bold and free,
Dark Superstition's bitterest enemy !
What were thy poignant feelings for thy race,
That woman—urg'd from honour to disgrace?—
Whose bright and irresistible charms,
Forc'd him to join a bigot's arms
Against his country, king, and Heaven!—
Hence 'tis thy hapless race is driven
From these thy plains!—Hence time these walls has riven!
Couldst thou not, generous spirit, save
Thy noble house from timeless grave?
Why let thy offspring act against that cause,
“Which stands,” thou said’st, “by Heaven’s eternal laws!”
Why not prevent the wild decree of fate,
(Whose agent was thy offspring’s priest-rul’d mate,))
To save thy noble name!—To save this wall!—
Alas! the one is lost—the other soon will fall.

Loudon Castle.

FROM haples scenes I wander to survey,
A lovely landscape—beautifully gay;
Where grain-clad vales, and verdant groves of trees,
Seem proudly waving in the western breeze:

And larks and linnets sweetly sing their loves,
Whose warblings echo thro' the neighb'ring groves ;
Where length'ning vistas scarce admit the rays
Of Sol, shot downward from his southern blaze—
And Philomela's music could prolong,
The slumbering season with her plaintive song,
That steals harmonious o'er the enraptur'd mind,
To cares of Heaven, and solitude resign'd,
Alone, from busy world-commanding cares,
Offers to Heaven the homage of its prayers.
While musing o'er the num'rous beauties round,
Where nature's kindest, gentlest, gifts abound ;
Still wand'ring fancy, wayward, urging maid,
Directs my steps to yon remotest shade—
Where rows of lofty oaks invite the doves,
And modest elms contain their cooing loves ;
Oh, here not dreading cruel fowlers' plans,
To disunite them from instinctive bands ;
But like some tender parents prest with care,
Their mutual food to their dear offspring bear.
Thro' scenes like these, I plod my wand'ring way,
Where scarce thick foilage will admit the day ;

Till, “ as a rock, midst seas of sullen roar,
Repels the surging billows from its shore ! ”
Or aged oak, whose trunk has long withstood
Inflated tempests, by a raging flood ;
So, tho’ effac’d by time’s all-conq’ring hands,
With lofty turrets, here, majestic stands,
An ancient structure ! whose revered walls,
Held Patriots ready at their country’s calls ! —
The generous Campbells ! Scotia’s darling name.
‘Mongst her first Patriots annaliz’d by Fame !
Whose ancestry, nor trac’d to foreign climes,
Claims Erne, or Gael, from darkest mist of times !
Renown’d for virtues in the days of yore,
Ere Scotia’s lions from her plains were *bore* ;
But more since Reason all her beauties spread,
When feudal systems into chaos fled,
Leaving the world rejoicing at their flight,
And scatter’d clouds of blinding Gothic night.
When Roman Pontiffs held their galling chains,
Of lawless Superstition o’er our plains ;
And sceptred monarchs dastardly threw down
Their great prerogatives of state and crown :

Enjoining other nations to adhere,
And wear the chains of Satan's chief compeer—
Spurning proud Prelate's pride, and Pontiff's laws,
Religious freedoms were the Campbells' cause !
The clouds of bigotry to clear away,
And supersede them with the Gospel's ray.—

When lawless Charles, who, (inglorious name,
By brute-like actions lost his way to fame !
Even after Reformation's beauteous smiles
Had spread exulting o'er our happy isles !)
Combin'd with Popery, averse and cross,
His princely greatness to our country's loss !
To rule as Pontiff, in our happy land,
Prescrib'd the Liturgy on its own plan !—
Fashion'd from Rome's, when her imperial pow'r,
And chains were burst on Britain's sea-girt shore !
With figur'd Litanies on Patron days—
Thus, circumscribe our great Creator's praise !
—Then was the time for Patriot bands to fly,
And stand their country's friend, or nobly die !
Greatly indignant, to resentment prone,
First in the lists the noble Loudon shone !

His country's freedom firmly to demand,
And banish Rome's dark relics from the land !
By Heaven inspired, successful, on he trod
Thro' dang'rous paths, in honour of our God !
Till crown'd with victory for his native plains,
He came triumphant to his faithful swains !
Nor less successful on Columbia's shores,
Where Britons snatch'd the lash from British pow'rs.
Or in the Senate, or embattl'd plains,
Their country's welfare ever prov'd their gains !
Descending ages long shall virtues trace,
Of this illustrious still respected race !
—Oh may this heart with ardent draughts imbibe,
The noble precepts which their lives describe !
And should my friends to Fortune's heights aspire,
May they, like them, enjoy the kindred fire ;
And like Argyll, and Loudon, nobly stand,
To guard from lawless power their native land '
With demon's pride and woman's tongue.
Walls before by Guardian Angel sung,
Oft has it been your lot to know wild wars,
And Scotia's triumphs, and her bleeding scars

To send your sons, with helping hand,
A gallant, gen'rous, martial band,
To aid th' oppressed, ever firmly prone,
Whose sufferings, if for virtue, were their own.
What need I sing, in tedious strains,
The deeds of chiefs who rul'd these plains ?
Enough !—they serv'd their country well ! ^{so}
What more could boasting volumes tell ?

Craigie Castle.²¹

FANCY, pause ! 'tis sacred ground !
Patriots here, by Freedom crown'd,
Enjoy'd their matchless kinsman's fire,
And other chieftains did inspire,
By gallant deeds and virtues pure—
Too pure, alas ! to long endure !
Hence 'tis the matchless race has gone before,
Blazing, like beacons, to young Patriots' eyes ;
And after earthly life to point the shore,
Deck'd for the virtuous in the loftiest skies.

King Coil's Grave.²²

OH, would I be forgiven, should I pass
Yon rising mound, be-mantled o'er with grass :
Nor pause to heave a tributary sigh,
For him whose ashes in its bosom lie ?
No, here, Oblivion wild, thy pow'rs I blame,
For crushing all the monarch, but his name.
That legacy you left to grace these plains,
And fire with Virtue all their generous swains ;
While roams fair Freedom o'er the favour'd clime,
The name shall ever baffle conq'ring time :
And, from thy darksome, dull, unhallow'd cave,
Shall keep its god-like men, and heroes brave.
While gowans wild, and scented birch, I spread
Upon this mansion of th' illustrious dead ;
And mus'd upon the spot with holy awe,
Rising, a venerable form I saw—
“ Happy, he said, young Pilgrim, may'st thou roam,
“ Who thus bestrew'st, with native sweets, my dome !
“ Happy be all thy wanderings wheresoe'er
“ Thou roam'st, for Virtue, honour's bright career :

“ Oh, if while wandering o'er these favour'd plains,
“ Thou seest the virtues of their gentle swains,—
“ Or those of men, who came from other soil,
“ And bid soft blessings on my children smile,
“ And show them how to shun vice' madd'ning train,
“ And dark depravity's unhallow'd fane :
“ And give my widows and my orphans bread,
“ Or hoary want a place to screen his head—
“ Or those who foremost for their country stand,
“ When threaten'd by a dark invading band,
“ Or when oppression's clouds would darken all the land ;
“ Oh, say that he who sleepeth in this shed,
“ Who in blest Freedom's cause, exulting, bled,
“ To keep these plains from slavery's lawless pow'r,
“ In thrice ten thousand warriors' latest hour.—
“ Yes, say the chieftain long, who rul'd these plains,
“ Sends joys and comforts to the happy swains !
“ And bids the feeling ones to persevere,
“ And merit oft distress's grateful tear :
“ And woes and sorrows from the band betray,
“ Who dark misfortunes frowns have forc'd astray !
“ And bid the Patriot, at his country's cry,
“ Be foremost still to conquer or to die !

“ And, when a venal Senate would oppress,
“ And lab’ring thousands drive to low’st distress;—
“ Bid him, fair Coila’s agent, nobly stand,
“ And paint the native birthright of his land,
“ And warm, with Freedom’s fire, the delegated band,
“ Cherish each fine emotion of the soul,
“ And every impulse that may vice controul.
“ Let pride and pageantry, and pomp and show,
“ Amuse the fools whom Virtue cannot know,—
“ He whom the works of Heaven aright may scan,
“ Will ne’er forget his fellow creature, man.
“ Nor, wrapt in self importance, proudly nod,
“ Nor make the wand of Heaven his creature’s rod,
“ To stand an abject fool, and alien of his God.
“ Stamp’d by degeneracy, let no fallen race,
“ Unlock their fathers from the grave’s embrace,
“ To borrow Virtues, to prevent their name
“ From growing odious, or their country’s shame.
“ Let fools blaze out their ancestry and blood,—
“ He founds a race who does his country good !
“ He, who in virtue’s service merit claims
“ The best foundation of a family frames,
“ And nobler his will be than useless, ancient names,

“ Bid mildest virtues with our matrons dwell,
“ So Coila’s virgins ever may excel
“ All others, in soft beauty’s winning arts,
“ And reign, right worthy, o’er their guardians hearts !
“ So may the youths who drink my hallow’d streams,
“ Contest for Coila’s glory in their dreams !
“ While no intruding vice, nor grovellings mean,
“ Within their bosoms e’er shall intervene,
“ Nor on my favour’d plains their dire effects be seen.
“ These, and whate’er can high exalt mankind,
“ Or wake the nobler feelings in the mind,
“ And raise that emulation in the breast,
“ (Denied to sluggards—by themselves unblest !)
“ That leads to nameless high ennobling deeds,
“ And the rapt bosom clears of Plebeian weeds ;
“ Where Virtue—sweet divinity, will roll
“ Her heavenly bands round each enraptur’d soul ;—
“ All that can guide them on the narrow road,
“ That leads through nature up to nature’s God.—
“ Hence with the sons of Coila ever dwell :
“ Pilgrim ! to thee I bid a long—farewell :
“ In thy expanding breast may Virtue ever dwell.”

Here as I gaze, wild fancy, ne'er at rest,
Points out the dome that late each virtue blest.
Their lord, whose beauties, like his groves, were bright,
Which, when he grac'd them, wav'd with fresh delight,
We see no more;—his name's almost forgot:
Ah, who like him, adorns this lovely spot.
Alas! how soon the loveliest flower will fade,
And drop in life's afflicting, cheerless shade;
With unrepining lips, the chief was torn,
By wild disease—with holy patience borne,
Till urg'd to taste the sun's more southern ray,
And genial influence on Sicilian day:
From whose mild clime* for this, his native earth,
We lost a chief of genuine native worth;
Thus years of those whom Heaven adorns, alas!
Too soon for needful man are found to pass.

* Lord Montgomerie was returning to this country when he died.

Kingeancleugh.²³

ALL hail ! ye holy ruins, dark and drear,
My soul accords with your unjoyous gloom ;
Here will I drop a friendly, feeling tear,
For him, your generous owner, in the tomb.

Ere yet fair Reformation's cheering light,
Dawn'd with celestial brightness o'er our isle,
He sallied forth, in chaining monks' despite,
And shew'd the Gospel, with a Christian's smile.

Pleas'd, Coila's rocks, and glens, and caverns heard,
From out these then strong walls, the Heavenly sounds,
That high, in Heavenly Horeb, are preferr'd,
To please the Eternal King of kings and crowns.

Here wondering joyful peasants throng'd around,
To hear the sacred truths by monks conceal'd ;
And here they matchless, glorious precepts found,
That Heaven's illustrious, bounteous Prince reveal'd

Here Heavenly truths, from god-like Wishart's tongue,
Seiz'd on the senses of the wond'ring throng ;

And blinding Superstition backward flung,
To shades of darkness, where she does belong.

Here, manly Knox's Heaven-directing themes,
Drove thund'ring through the senses to the soul,
As when dark winter thaws raise Coila's streams,
And force them where the ocean's billows roll.

Here, Coila, to thy hapless bard was given,
To live one anxious day of parting love,
With her his tender thoughts pursued to Heaven,
Thence fell to earth, despair and grief to prove.

Oh, from the lov'd romantic scenes around,
Where most sublime, old Coila's beauties dwell,
How oft hath Heaven receiv'd the grateful sound
Of soul-sprung praise ! ye noting Angels tell !

Hush'd are the joyful strains to Heaven dear :
Now trembling solemn silence reigns alone ;
And fame's capricious will is proven here,—
Your owner's name and worth are scarcely known.

Swept by consuming time, even to the dust,
As will these walls, fast mouldering to decay—
Though not, like him, had these strong walls a trust,
To be restor'd on Heaven's triumphant day.

The hum of silence hushing through mine ears,
Now draws more deep reflections o'er my mind ;
Which shew the vanity of human cares,
And frailty of thy works, oh, weak mankind !

Yet, though thy strength is nought,—not vain thy toil,
If thou but build on his foundation sure,
Who, in his bloody agony, did smile,
When we by him Redemption did procure,
Which, as the Eternal lives, to us He did ensure.

Coila's Triumph.²⁴

As day-light, spreading round the sick man's room,
Whose weary watching friends have sunk to rest,
While pain gave cheerless midnight tenfold gloom,
To him, whom wild disease has over-prest—
Brings nameless comforts to the throbbing breast,

And gives once more the rising hopeful throe ;
That, yet, again with health he may be blest,
And all life's soft endearments joy'd may know,
To recompense dark days, and joyless nights of woe.

So spread the Gospel o'er our favour'd land,
That long in darkness lay of priesthood's night ;
Such were the hopes that cheer'd the misled band,
That now beheld the sun of Heaven bright :
Dark Superstition scatter'd by its light,
Conceal'd not its fell paths, gloomy, uneven !
Oh, these were shown in all its fiends' despite ;
And, with their pilot, bigotry, were driven,
Back to the south, like hail, by thee, long-suffering Heaven

Lord Kilmaurs.

GLENCAIRN ! you noble Hermit of Larite,²⁵
That did ironically the Friar greet,
And laugh'd at priest-craft's hastening dissolution ;
Hinted some not-invented absolution,
To hold the dying demon's mystic pow'r,
From falling off its hellish relic tow'r,

Of cowls and beads, and holy toe-nail-tops,
And beards Monks clipp'd from old St. Francis' chops :
Or good St. Dunstan's tongs, that pinch'd the nose,
Of Pandemonium's monarch when he rose,
To make in Popery, (his serious care !)
Some reformation that it might not share
The potent sway of reason over man,
But still retain dominion in our land,—
Demand my pen ! Oh, sure thy spirit, blest,
In Heaven, against our Commons will protest,
Should they, against our Monarch's crowning oath,
Let Satan loose on earth with roaring mouth.—
For universal pow'r, insatiate, still,
To have the nation govern'd by his will !—
Or else, as erst in Eden, blinding smiles,
Until from danger hush'd the cred'lous isles,
Shall drop to slumber, when the imp of hell,
Will start, and for his inch demand an ell.
Mild Ochiltree's blest spirit will thee join,
And Campbells' also will with you combine ;
Then fiends may view our island, far, askance,
From mother Italy, or sister France,

But oh, the channel still should flow between,
 For priest-craft still looks best from Britain seen.
 In Ireland, if the aspiring youth requires,
 Oh, make him Cardinals and Popes of Friars !
 Admirals and Gen'rals you may also make—
 The latter send to bogs *Poteen* to take :
 The former to Loughneagh, or sweet Killarney,
 To squadron turf-boats mann'd with boys from Blarney.
 Forget not deep learn'd sons of wild ambition,
 Who, travelling, spout their flowery erudition ;
 Eyes right on titles, wigs, or cover'd benches—
 These are the sum of all their aim'd enfranchise,
 And well, I venturous ween, would answer all pretences.

Cessnock.

OH, who could right describe the lovely seats,
 Romantic braes, and ever green retreats,
 That grace the bosom of this lovely spot
 Where nature smiles alike by tow'r and cot !
 The noble domes, that grace the Irvine's side,
 From modest Lanfine to where vessels ride,
 Were grand to paint.—The task for me too hard—
 Weak, unaccomplish'd, scarce self-thought, a—bard.

Yet, on its banks could I, well-pleased, reside,
Nay blest, for 'twas my good forefather's tide,
Who forc'd by bloody priest-craft had to roam, ²⁶
Far o'er the world depriv'd of house and home !
Oh, Cessnock, noble seat of other days,
What pleas'd emotions feels this wandering frame !
While round and o'er your fertile plains he strays,
Who from your once brave owner has his name ?
What kind and grateful currents flow,
Less burning than the ardent glow,
That all his raptur'd senses prove,
Who wanders by the sacred grove,
Fast planted by the Patriot hands,
Full hosts to trembling foemen bands ;
Who kept aloof nor touch'd the land,
Where'er the chieftain had command—
At whose dread glance sank Superstition,
And bigotry and manumission,
(For sins perform'd) of Papists foul,
Where'er he went had no controul !
Yes ! Heaven-ward sprung the soul by hope divine,
Where Campbell bade the Gospel lights to shine ;

Melting unholy harden'd priest-craft dross
By beams resplendent from the blessed cross.
His noble race!—but oh, why starts the tear?
And heart-sprung sigh? Oh, grief assails me here!
Here, gloomy fix'd has she her sable throne,
And here in ceaseless wailings reigns alone!
—Ah, not alone! for round the peasant throng
Her mournful strains in feeling notes prolong,
That round Treesbanks in murmurs die away
On sounding gales that over Coila stray—
Sad heralds of his loss who moulders into clay.
A blaze, Heaven kindled, at the fire divine,
Illum'd the noblest virtues in his mind;
Thence emanated rays that grac'd the man,
And, where they shone, that bless'd the hallow'd land!
His cup was full—complete the great decree!
Happy he is—if goodness happy be
In promis'd regions blest, of immortality.

To Irvine Water.

OH, Irvine, on thy lovely verdant holms
In thought I wander, when the world's at rest,
In quest of her who often on them roams,
But knows not sorrows of this heaving breast.

No glaring beauties deck her gentle form,
Yet innocence and Virtue grace her breast:
Cold is the heart such sun-beams could not warm,
And thrice unworthy of such bliss confess.

There pure benevolence and gentle pity blending,
In sympathetic grace, cheer woe's unhallow'd gloom;
Pleas'd as a seraph, that up to Heaven ascending,
Conveys a baby's spirit where joys immortal bloom.

Oh, should her eyes, where seraph-goodness shines,
With star-like brilliancy, so soft, so clear,
Bestow one glance on these then happy lines—
Than thee, oh, Coila, were that glance more dear.

Remembrance, then, if e'er you serv'd me, steal,
With gentle softness o'er her downy breast;

And paint a youth that truly hopes her weal,
While he a dupe of love is sad distrest.

Oh, say, blest lines, my trembling wayward hand.
Is emblem of my mind—a prey to thought:
That tears alone the Wanderer may command.
Sighs are his words, alas! with misery fraught.

Oh, tell her that where'er the Wanderer strays,
His thoughts from her shall never be at rest;
That round his heart her lovely image plays,
And gives fresh vigour to his drooping breast.

Oh, say that when oppress'd with woe and care,
His mind tow'rds her shall still for comfort turn;
Sure that her angel smile will drive despair,
Far from that breast,—that bled to see her mourn.

Convey her, tear-stain'd lines, my endless love!
Say should she wed some youth, than me more blest,
May she the happiness of Heaven prove,
Until she flies to its eternal rest!

But oh, the whirling brain in visions tost,
Scarce calls her powers from the illusive shore !
Alien to hope—nor to despair yet lost,
Can reason sway !—but ah, I can no more !

Roll on sweet stream ! I charge ye, roll along !
And, as ye pass the dwelling of my love,
Bid all your Naiads raise their sweetest song—
Oh, they more blest than I her smiles will prove,
Those smiles that cheer the world, like sun-beams from above !

Naiad's Song.

'Tis sweet in the evening to wander,
By Irvine's dark spreading meander,
And on the lov'd object to ponder,
That rais'd the emotions of love.
Oh, sweet when two lovers are meeting,—
Their hearts fast with joy are a-beating,
While looks at each other are greeting
The nameless endearments of love !

How mutually blest seems the feeling,
 When heart to soft heart is revealing,
 The language, would pain by concealing,
 Obtain'd from the archives of love.

How Heavenly sweet are caresses,
 When lip to soft lip gently presses ;
 An action that Love himself blesses,
 And hallows—the manna of love !
 But sweeter when lovers, united,
 In each others arms are delighted ;
 To them all the world seems benighted,
 While sunshine illumines them of love !

Irvine.

IRVINE ! I pass thy neat and cleanly street,
 Not without feelings of an ardent kind ;
 Here ancient objects, that the Wanderer greet,
 Recal sad ideas to his thinking mind.
 Here Scotia's foul disgrace were first disjoin'd, 27
 And left brave Wallace, ever d——d their name ;
 And meanly crouching, with a wretch combin'd,
 Brought on their country almost endless shame,
 And long and fast block'd up her open way to fame.

While single-handed, Wallace nobly stood,
Nor ceas'd to spill his country's foemen's blood.
Thy Tow'r, Kilwinning, could I pass unblam'd?
—No, that with gratitude should still be nam'd;
It proves the early virtues of our land,
And freedoms, e'en by earliest ages plann'd.
'Twas here the sad oppress'd and wandering crew,
Whose wants were many, and assistants few,
Found sweet asylum, we have witness, you!
Here oldest villagers seem'd much surpriz'd,

When I enquir'd of them the Fountain's scite
That issu'd blood,—by secret Heaven devis'd, 28
For eight whole days, strange omen to affright.
The question acted as if some wild sprite
Had sallied forth from monk's long empty cell:
Or if the old Tow'r had display'd a light,
Or crashing down, in mouldering ruins fell—
Amaz'd they wond'ring stood, nor could of fountains tell.
But yet the Wand'rer felt not much surpriz'd,
That things, even awful, should tradition pass;
When tow'rs, the strongest ever artists priz'd,
Have but the nature of the summer grass,

And though a longer lease they hold from time,
Unseen they moulder on by slow decay ;
The world itself, and all the grand sublime,
With man's alternate race, we know, haste fast away.
Oh, may this Tow'r to latest ages stand,
In social bands to tie the natives of our land.
Pleas'd now I wander by the time-worn tow'rs,
The sweet, delightful scenes and lovely bowers,
Where long the noble Craufords rul'd these plains,
And held with honour valour's sacred gains.
Oh, Kelburn ! in thy lov'd romantic shades,
Meet haunts for fawns and light-heel'd sylvan maids,
Smiling content from care would minds decoy,
And here give happiness and lasting joy.
Herc nature, rich beyond the works of art,
Bestows a luxury on the Wanderer's heart.

Now the eye sated feasting,
On Ailsa and Arran,
Flies to drink rural sweets
Round the dome of Dalquharan.

Worthies of Coila.

Names that on history's blazon'd pages stand,
Require not wanderers' extricating hand.
The weal or woe of states gives them to time,
Which, if the former, makes them more sublime,
Or great, or virtuous, as each race appears,
Through the deep mazes of revolving years.
But gentle virtues, fitted for the shade,
To help the helpless race of Adam made,
Too often in these islands live unknown,
And seldom valued ere their days have flown.
Oh, then, sometimes, the mourner's cries reach fame,
'That, for the first time, hears the Patriot's name :
Fain would the wandering muse bring such to light,
And from her willing toils drink pure delight,—
Nor heed the envious who may her deride,
Or think that adulation was her guide,
She'll offer homely praise—but yet retain her pride.
Hence, Coila, let me track thy dang'rous coast, ^{so}
On which were many a hapless vessel lost;

Nature, to thee unkind in ports and bays,
Left ampler scope to gain thy Patriots' praise.
Hence he,* with feeling, sympathetic mind,
(For courts and state machinery too design'd,)
Soon saw thy wants, and sent thee quick redress,
While lab'ring legions did the Patriot bless,—
Who gave sweet comforts to the peasant band,
Though not a native of the fertile land.
He thought his treasures better thus employ'd,
Than given to foreigners of grateful feelings void.
Here, let not envy, with detracting smile,
The noble Patriot's praise attempt to foil;
Nor meanly say, self views were at the end,—
The man, oh, Britain, would not be thy friend !
Should there be such,—to him a Bard of fame
Says, “ True self-love and social are the same,
“ Man, but for that, no action could attend,
“ And, but for this, were active to no end.”
Yes, Troon ! thy scoop'd out basin will supply
New scenes for pleasure to the Patriots' eye ;

* Will the Miniature require a name on a Tablet ?

Thence to the mind's eye, for to charm the soul,
Whence shall come words no little thoughts control.
Long may your noble architect enjoy,
The matchless sweets, that spring from actions pure :
And long the poor man's fearful cares annoy,
His means of grateful labour long ensure.
So may he cheerfully his fate endure,
And joyfully set out to daily toil,
Whence nature's wants he sweetly may procure,
Encourag'd by his thirsty wifie's smile,
And sturdy, healthy bairns, that all his woes beguile.

Song of the Cotter's Wife.

Oh, lassie, haud the bairn awee,
The gudeman's at the stile ;
Or rin and bring the sticks to me,
To mak' the Paritch boil.

A' day has he been toilin' out,
Whare ships their rapes may coil,—
Fy ! lift the bairnie's body clout,—
The Paritch soon will boil.

I wat he's sair forfoughten here,
Yet I'll his cares beguile ;
An' we'se be happy wanting gear,
Sae mak' the Paritch boil !

Oh, blessings on his sonsie face,
The Laird o' a' the soil ;
He'll be the flower o' a' his race,
While wives their Paritch boil.

For ilka thing he does is best,
To haud poor folk in moil :
His every wish in this is prest—
To mak' the Paritch boil !

Lang may his gentle Lady's charms
Gie pillars to our isle,
While he enraptur'd frae her arms,
Shall mak' the Paritch boil.

Nor could his not less noble, gentle friend,
Around whose tow'rs the Virtues still attend,
Inactive live, and see his native strand,
The timeless grave of many a sea-worn band ;
But, nobly emulous, 'gainst nature strove,
And gave from storms the bark a quiet cove !
Such are the acts that prove the Patriot mind,
And add fresh lustre to a noble line :
Which was not wanting here ! but man aspires,
When Patriot-virtue's glow the bosom fires,
Whate'er his rank in life,—by it to pass his sires !
The noble gift to man was kindly given,
Hence spring the deeds that draw the smiles of Heaven.
Sprung from a race of chiefs in iron time,
Whose deeds, to modern warriors, seem sublime !
For now we seldom have the sword to wield,
Or make the axe deep kiss the crested steel,
Thence, to explore the chambers of the soul,
While her supporting streams in torrents roll !
Ah, nitre now at distance gives the death,
And robs defenceless warriors of their breath.

Not such the deaths that grac'd thee, Otterburn !
 Where fiery Percy would the Douglas turn ;
 Montgomery's conq'ring hand brought quick relief,
 And captive made the undaunted fiery chief !
 I yet, with feudal pride, could view the dome,³¹
 The noble youth constructed to get home.

Song of the Gale.*

Oh, how does she look for the Cumbrae light ?
 Is it yet under our lee ?
 No ! it is far on our weather bow,
 And shoals on our lee we see.

Oh, what is best ? for it stronger blows,
 And no anchorage have we ;
 Troon we can't fetch, for the shoals between
 Would prove our destiny !

Let's try reef'd courses to shoot a-head,
 Ardrossan we yet may gain :

* Ayrshire coast, in the Song, is considered a lee shore, and the vessel bound up Clyde.

Oh, the fore-course is blown out of the bolt-rope,
And if set, so would the main.

Storm staysails fore and aft we'll set,
'Tis the same should we capsize,
As to drift broadside upon the shoals,
Where surf runs high as the skies.

Now the shoals begin to drop astern :
Ardrossan a-head we see,
It lulls ! set the topsails on the cap !
She comes up,—we may now go free !

Oh, yet there is hope, my brave seamen,
And shelter in that snug bay ;
And blest be the mind that form'd its plan,
Shall future seamen say.

Clew the topsails up, haul the staysails down !
And your anchors see all clear !
Luff, luff, my lad, and clear that brig,
That lies right off the pier.

Let the anchors go, when she loses way,
Here the gale can do no harm ;
We'll see the light of another day,
While grog shall be a charm :

A charm to drown our toils and cares :—
Let it go cheerly round,
Here's God bless every seaman's friend,
Wherever he may be found.

Possessing all that could embellish man, ³²
A Ramsay too is thine, illustrious land.
And Simpson too, whose soaring lofty lore, ³³
Led him celestial systems to explore ;
To explain the various portions of the sphere,
And give mankind his deep-sought knowledge, clear.
Oh, long shall wand'rers on the pathless deep,
Who war with elements, while landsmen sleep,
Acknowledge gratefully his well-earn'd fame ;
And hear, with gen'rous sighs, his honour'd name !
In deep recesses too, of nature's womb,
Oft have thy sons, oh, Coila, dar'd to roam ;

Explor'd the mineral kingdom ! though from thence,
Ah, one, the chief, has had small recompence :
Thee, noble COCHRANE ! whose expanded mind, ³⁴
Did every quality of earth define :
The mingled soil, that best with grain agrees,
And stubborn rocks, 'till then hid properties ;
All seem'd to own thy daring, conq'ring hand,
And sound thy knowledge to a thankless land.

And MURDOCH, (pass the author without blame, ³⁵)
The world should know thy scientific fame,)
Sprung from a curious, deep-designing sire,
Who rode a horse no mortal e'er could tire,
Improv'd upon his predecessor's laws,
And wrung from darkness bright resplendent gas.
Yet there are some who blame,—though without cause,
May I unblam'd assert ?—the effects of gas.
'Tis said, that seamen may no longer go,
And ply through northern seas and polar snow,
To seize the oily monsters of the main,
For gas has now depriv'd them of their gain.
And more, 'tis said, our gallant scamen brave,
(Who did and must our freedoms guard and save,) .

Shall be neglected, forc'd for bread afar,
From Britain, when she feels again red war :
So will our liberties endanger'd be,
Whene'er she wants those bulwarks on the sea :
When those who gave the system their assent,
Will, when too late, its dire effects repent.
For me, a self-thought Patriot, I declare,
My Country's weal shall ever be my care;
Nor would I feel to politics inclin'd,
Nor on them shew, perhaps, a shallow mind,
Was not thy weal, oh, Britain, round it twin'd.
No more than be obsequious ! not my creed,
Rather should every member of me bleed :
I, only, roaming over plains of Coil,
Admire the native genius of the soil :—
In whose defence, I'll add, should seamen roam.
I from experience, boldly can declare,
They'll find no place like Britain for a home,
Go where they may, around this world of care.
But e'en should some for other nations toil,
And take their service from their native isle,
The part in Britain's commerce still employ'd.
Will never let our freedoms be destroy'd :

For while such fertile multiplying bands
Of hardy peasantry adorn our lands,
Bands, wars at times, were needful to reduce,
As far too num'rous for the ground's produce :
Who, still increasing, since blest Jenner brought
His vaccine *box*, with health and long life fraught,
Will soon, for bounties, to our squadrons flee,
And bear with them their native bravery,
Which, soon disciplin'd, will give victory.

For 'twere not numbers that must guard our rights,
Or that give Britons victory in their fights,—
'Tis that companion'd friendly sympathy,
That near the foc pervades their minds to unity.
Hence Britons rather would in battle fall,
Than hear, unhelp'd, a common comrade call.
And for the numbers unemploy'd at sea.

Should gas continue to be kept in use,
An almost equal number there will be
Employ'd on land, before 'twill light produce !
Of all who fear its powers, now let me beg a true-

Learning's Triangle.

CATRINE, Barskimming, Auchinleck,
That Science, Letters, Laws bedeck :
Oh, gifts the noblest ever given,
To erring man !—Here bounteous Heaven,
To neighb'ring nations clearly has defin'd,
That Coila's sons should high exalt the mind,
And rank among the foremost of mankind :—
For no such small-spac'd angle on the earth,
Produc'd more genuine native wit and worth.

Barskimming.

I JUDGE of men, not by their name,
Nor ancestry's preposterous claim ;
But, by their actions, whether virtuous good,
Perform'd, or not, at the expence of blood—
Provided in the line of His behest,
Who ever judges of our actions best.
Hence, to my view, with fame he nobly stands,
The owner, once, of all these lands,
Who in his Sovereign's presence check'd
A Prelate Monk, with beads bedeck'd.

And show'd thy darkness, foul, fell Superstition,
Braving the tortures of the Inquisition :
And pour'd clear Gospel truths so from his tongue,
That on it princely youths enraptur'd hung,
Hence saw through priesthood's flimsy, half-screen'd light,
The glorious Sun of Heaven, resulgent bright.
Can living worth receive a meed of praise,
And 'scape deep scrutinizing envy's gaze ?—
But 'twas not praise I meant, truth was my theme,
Long since enroll'd and register'd by Fame :
It runs,—“ The present owner of these walls,
“ Is never deaf to pity's holy calls ;
“ But makes the poor man's case his serious care,
“ And, sympathizing, hears the widow's pray'r !
“ Nor on the wreck of dark misfortune frowns,
“ Though the poor wretch th' unfeeling world disowns ;
“ But feeling's soft alleviating balm,
“ Pours on the boist'rous mind and makes it calm.”
Such are the deeds these grateful lines beguile,
Attest, ye peasantry, that round this pile
See every human virtue sweetly, sweetly smile.

Reminiscence.

Now glance, my fancy, o'er the German sea,
And view embattled hosts o'erspread yon plain ;
Led on by Britons brave to victory,
Ah, mingled some, too soon, with heaps of slain :
Joy would burst forth, but grief does that restrain ;
For rending memory ever holds to view,
The early fall of rising chiefs ! hence pain,
With joy immingling render homage due,
Whenever thou art mention'd, field of Waterloo.

Though here I stand on Ayr's romantic banks,
Yet wand'ring fancy faintly might portray,
The matchless zeal, that roam'd through Britain's ranks,
On that dread time-defying glorious day :
Yet grac'd it none of all that grand array,
More gallant, generous, gentle, noble, true,
Than one whose childhood round these banks did stray
Or shady woods and groves roam'd joyful through,
As through fall'n Gaul, thy ranks at bloody Waterloo.

He fell ! the circling Virtues wept his fall,
From realms of glory thither had they come,
To see him conquer, ere thy agent Gaul,
Went forth to haste their votary's spirit home :
Thence to convey it to the eternal dome,
Rais'd for the virtuous, when from earth he flies,—
But ere the film seal'd earthly day's dark gloom,
Thy conq'ring cross, oh, Britain, cheer'd his eyes !
Then join'd the rising soul death's conq'rors in the skies.
—So far of Heaven may mortal man presume,
When gallant, virtuous youth fills early glory's tomb.

Auchinleck.

Now up the banks of Lugar, pleas'd, I stray,
That darkly wanders where old Coila winds :
And musing on my fancy-urging way,
See Nature round in all her wild designs.
Here chaining Superstition yet might find
Fauns, fays, and fairies, of each varied kind,
And gentle Sylvans in each glen and grove,
Lively as maidens when they first know love !
Oh, beauteous scenes, where'er I turn around,
The eye is still with some luxuriance crown'd,

That through the senses charms the enraptur'd mind,
Where loveliest scenes of nature round are twin'd.
Now on the cliffs I stray, where eagles soar,
Or by some streaming cascade's murmuring roar,
Or tributary stream, by Lugar sped,
To pour in homage in old Coila's bed ;
While beauty crowning wildness, in the heart,
Scarce leaves a vacancy for works of art.
Here time has nearly crumbled down,
The stubborn walls an heroë rose ;
Yet here his spirit still is found,
Yet here his virtues still abound,
And here his patriot deeds inspire,
His offsprings heart, there nobly glows
Warm, genuine, native, kindled fire.
Oh, ancestry, we trace thy good,
Where no mean actions stain ;
Hence, here was found the generous flood
That dyed red Flodden's plain.
And when no more the worthy race
Found Flodden fields anew to grace,
It every nobler art and science join'd,
To raise to virtue, man, thy drooping mind :

And on the lore of ages wisdom laid,
Whose sacred precepts falling footsteps staid.
Oh, ever honour'd be his far known name,
Whose bosom glow'd with freedom's holy flame !
Who stood th' oppressed Negro's firmest friend,
And prov'd fair freedom will her blessings lend,
To all that visit Scotia's happy isle,
No matter of what colour, clime, or soil.
Whate'er she will'd did he perform ;
In halcyon peace, or war's red storm,
To Freemen, fir'd by Virtue's ray,
All irresistible's her sway,
Her actions ever court the day.
But never will she take delight
In deeds perform'd in shades of night !
Yet she has foes,—foul hunters after fame,
Whose impure lips profane her sacred name,
And 'neath her holy flag make anarchy their aim.
They, in the Patriot's steps affect to roam,
To better fire her lov'd Ephesian dome.
Farewell, sweet scenes ! deep graven on my mind.
Shall a faint outline of your beauties dwell ;

Thought on thy banks, dark Lugar, oft shall wind,
And heave the Wand'r'r's breast with more than common swell.

Love in Rain.

Lost to sweet contemplation, alone as I wander'd,
Surveying a landscape most charmingly fair,
Beneath a tall oak, on its beauties I ponder'd,
In a lovely green holm, where the Lugar meets Ayr.

The wild birds were singing their songs, sweetly cheering,
Oh, soon from my mind would have banish'd dull care;
When, lo ! a sweet Seraph I then saw appearing,
From out a green copse where the Lugar meets Ayr.

All downcast her looks her sweet features concealing,
With which even Hebe's could never compare ;
Than that of fam'd Pallas her shape was revealing,
More soft native beauty, where Lugar meets Ayr.

The old style of April from May had not parted,
And farmers were wishing for show'rs,—urg'd by care,
And just at the moment, to keep them good hearted,
The rain fell in torrents where Lugar meets Ayr.

I bow'd, and she answer'd, her bosom was swelling,
And lovelily heav'd, for the Virtues were there !
Then feelingly kind she inform'd me her dwelling,
Look'd o'er the wild scenery where Lugar meets Ayr.

I went with her home,—while her bosom high panted,
Unmatch'd hospitality's blessings to share !
Oh, little I dreamt that by love it was haunted,
Who hallows the spot where the Lugar meets Ayr.

Fair Clyde's umbrag'd shades with her cascades hoarse steaming,
And Tweed, sung by shepherds, in beauties that glare,
And osier-fring'd Thames, with his turrets high gleaming,
Unmatch natures wildness on Lugar and Ayr.

Oh, Nature, how wisely thy works pass each other !
Though beauty shades beauty, yet others more fair,
Still rise tow'rds perfection, thou bountiful mother.
But they're all crown'd by Sally where Lugar meets Ayr

Catrine.

SEQUESTER'D Seat ! at merit's sacred call,
Thy deep-learn'd owner grac'd fair learning's hall !—
Where he, its ornament, was ever found,
In search of Science o'er her hidden ground.
Since, his more deep-learn'd son who has defin'd,
Oh, man the regions of thy spacious mind,
And all the kindred realm of thought explor'd,—
Fresh ground for praise to our Creative Lord !
And show'd to look within himself mankind,
His pow'rs and attributes disjoin'd combin'd;
Or yet the embryo which the senses form,
To thought-nam'd words that after hearers charm—
Scarce left these shades till Manufacture drew
Her lab'ring bands—a happy, artful crew !
Happy I ween—for he who rules their toils,
Directs them not by frowns—but friendly smiles,
Henee 'tis that industry seems ever bright,
With charms in which her votaries find delight.

The Oak on Ayr.³⁷

THE emblem of a tar you planted
On your good old gran'-ma's green,
While by loves and joys you're haunted,
Long may it by you be seen.

And when some lovely gentle treasure,
Willing meets your raptur'd arms ;
Beneath its shade, may purest pleasure,
Flow delighting from her charms !

But should sad years erase remembrance
Of him, whom fate did hither send,
The sight of his once thought native semblance,
Again may call to mind your friend !

While every gentlest virtue smiling,
Adorns your life, as now your sire's,
Whose honest worth is still beguiling,
The feelings gratitude inspires.

Weeds of Coila.

OH, it does grieve me!—but the prompting soul
I never yet could bridle or controul,—
To say, in Coil there is a selfish band,
Though born therein, unworthy such a land:
For sweet Benevolence was foster'd here,
And Pity still commands the feeling tear;
And white-rob'd Charity, with native smiles,
Oft blesses him, that misery beguiles.
The weeds are many! nor unknown is each,
Far, far from joys that feeling minds can reach!
Where sensibility or pity urge,
They know not! or 'tis to a dang'rous verge,
That frights them back!—for poverty might roam,
And, roaming, find more gen'rous menials home!—
While hope still buoys their minds 'tween earth and Heaven,
Where pity, charity were never graven.
Though never driven by pride's demoniac throes,
To pour on comforts cataracts of woes;
Or tear from hapless indigence his bed,
Or drive him forth,—no hut to screen his head:

Yet, neuter live,—firm grasping all they have,
Or scraping more, till plunder'd by the grave—
Like fearful stewards, who their talents hide,
While they far richer riches might provide ;
Are they not those who yet shall gnash and wail,
Where groans nor gold o'er justice shall prevail !

Coila's Nightingales. ⁸⁸

AWAKE, awake to joyful strains,
Oh, harp that long has silent hung ;
Sweet Philomela cheers these plains,
Her praises now should long be sung.

Canst thou not call the mourner here,
From Garnock's unsung naked bed ?
Are here no songs that could her cheer ?
Are all with Coila's Poet fled ?

Ah, here is one will join her lay,
If her sweet song be hopeless love .
With her will pass the night away,
Attest it every power above !

For Anna, good, and fair, and young,
And gay, and beautiful to see ;
A Wand'rers bosom lately wrung :
Alas ! she wants but—sympathy.

She play'd, and sung, and gaz'd the while,
And thus a captive made his heart ;
The serpent's lure was in her smile,
A basilisk's pow'r her eyes could dart !

Her accents soft were as the dew,
That falls upon an opening flow'r :
Few were her words,—but oh, that few
Depriv'd the Wand'r'r's mind of pow'r.

All he could say was, Anna, love !
How dear thou'rt to me Heaven best knows,
Wilt thou life's wanderings,——rove ?—
For thee this bosom only glows.

* * * * * * *

Did B. M. say, that "love is folly?"
Where did he learn it? by what rules?

Oh, 'tis a pleasing melancholy,
Forbidden to unhappy fools.

I wait the plaintive songstress in the wood,
Hark ! now she comes ;—no ! 'tis a larger fowl :
Oh, guard me, Heaven ! that screech congeals my blood !
—A Scottish nightingale,—a villain owl !

O'er, land, not more renown'd for martial swains,
Than deep clad vallies, and thrice fertile plains ;
For thriving villages, where varied toil
And fair industry ever seem to smile ;
While healthy peasantry, a brawny race,
Those plains and villages with morals grace.
Oh, might thy streams, fair Coila, grace my song,
Which BURNS pronounc'd to Fame should still belong.—
Thy fairy banks, sweet Ayr, will charm me still,
And Irvine's and her scenes round “ Patie's mill : ”
And Doon shall live in song, with all her woods,
And Lugar too, romantic maid of floods ;
And while the Garnock and Ardstinchar flow,
With native fire, shall Coila's bosoms glow.

Oh, Annock ! on thy gently winding stream,
Could I, with C——n, enraptur'd, dream
Of gifts, predicted to the race of man,
And, like him, sound them to a thoughtless band—
A band, that morals banish, and clear worth
Exil'd by them, far roams, scarce hous'd on earth :
While drooping Virtue nor supports her head,
And Vice or reigns, triumphant, in her stead.

The Patriot Seats that grace each rich domain,
From Kelburn's lovely bow'rs to rich Culzean,
Surpass'd by few on Thames' flow'ry side,
Yea, scarcely those where royal chiefs reside,
Will, when the Wanderer's song no more is known,
Display their beauties, Coila, all thine own.

Ballamyle. ³⁹

THRICE lovely scene, excelling all that's fair,
May smiling happiness long grace thy bow'rs ;
Where wisely planning good thy gentle pair,
Oft led by love's, or reason's noblest pow'rs,
Stray, happ'ly planting never-fading flow'rs :
The orphan's smile—the poor man's grateful sigh,—

'The widow's blessing, who her mate deplores,
Bring to them purest happiness, and high
Lift them above the scenes where grovelling worldlings ply.

This is a scene of virtuous love's pure joys ;
The will preventing will,—where nameless dear,
Are lovely maidens and aspiring boys,
In whom their parents' virtues shine most clear ;
Rising to manhood every joyous year,
Augment the blessings Heav'n to them has given,
And oft beguile them of the grateful tear,
When misery pictures to them how uneven,
Are dealt man's comforts by all-righteous Heaven.

Oh, waving grove, o'er rills that gurgling stray,
Be hush'd to midnight silence, whilst I rove,
Where lovelily those children, raptur'd, play
Amid your peaceful dells, enchanting grove,
Attuning all their feelings into love
Of art's and nature's noblest plans confest,
The rugged once, though now smooth mount above,
The meads beneath in richest verdure drest,
And the late spreading stream in narrow bounds comprest.

Gay as they wander down th' umbrageous braes,
Industry's grateful noise assails their ears,
And bears no flattery, when their fathers' praise
It daily sings, who rais'd the pile that bears
Catrine,—the name ! o'er Coila's stream it rears
Its noisy head, the assylum of the poor,
Where honest indigence may sooth its cares,
Nor have occasion touch the wealthy's door,
For lab'ring bands can there sweet livelihood procure.

From noble deeds how sweet are joys that spring !
His family long the truth of that shall prove ;
For Catrine's Founder unborn swains will sing,
Who here for bread of labour may remove.
And when on Sundays, after kirk, they rove,
On Ayr's sweet banks, or down the flow'ry vale,
A-gathering scented birch for maids they love,
Of Ballamyle they'll tell their grateful tale,
While Alexander's praise shall float along the gale !

Now will I stray to Sorn, along the Ayr, ⁴⁰
And view with pleasure Peden's place of birth.

He, persecuted round the world for prayer,
Prov'd Heaven's own agent—was a man of worth :
Forc'd by the demonyr of priestcraft forth
Upon the world, for noblest cause exil'd ;
Hunted from place to place, upon the earth,
Yet still his foemen's track kind Heaven beguil'd,
And though condemn'd to woes, amid them still he smil'd.

And he, whose stone adorns yon deep morass, ⁴¹
(Ah, emblem of mild priesthood's mercies dear !)
Fast claims the wand'rer's gaze that thither pass,
But more from me it claims, and has a tear.
Behold, oh, race of GRAHAM ! the honours here,
That flow upon you ! mark the noble deed,
That lifted you above life's common sphere :
Oh, but forgot the men who here did bleed,
Because, dread crime ! they own'd the Covenanters' creed,

From Coila's garden mark the man who strays,
To where the dark-red muirhills rise around ;
Far from the shallow wanderer's heedless gaze,
Who looks not where the virtues may be found :
But careless paces garden-cultur'd ground !—

Oh, Glaisnock, long may he your hills adorn,⁴²
In whose warm bosom virtues still abound,
To rob of want the unfortunate, forlorn,
And make the poor man's case more easily be borne!

Resting mine eyes upon a noble dome,
In deep surrounding shades no more they roam :
For here I find—let truth unfold the rest—
I could but weakly—at the very best—
Descended from a treble line
Of noble ancestors conjoin'd
A youth—whose virtues on them shine,
As if by Heaven design'd.
To him affliction sad reveals
The woes of him who mis'ry feels ;
To him not vain the woes revealing,
That only wake the generous feeling,
Or burst the sympathizing sigh,
Within his breast, where virtues lie,
To sooth his grief, whom comforts fly !
Oh, could I here, in measur'd strains,
Hold forth the joys that grace these plains,

Since first in solitude he found,
This spot, where virtues since abound—
What joy my wayward breast would know,
Could it portray the generous throe,
Warm'd by his bosom's noblest glow !
What mothers, who have husbands lost,
On poverty's wild billows tost,
Or babes who never knew their sires,
Or band who, unemploy'd, desires,
As favour greatest under Heaven,
That work, for bread, to them be given—
What maids from virtue's path who stray'd,
He shows the way to join the maid,
By future conduct and repentance,
And 'scape the awful final sentence—
He now employs in generous toil,
And gives each lip the heart-sprung smile—
Say, would not such a demon's praise beguile ?
Past fair Lochnorris' rural pleasing bowers,
And old Terenzean's weather-beaten towers
I stray—nor heed the seats that deck the way,
To where Crossraguel's ruins grace the day—

Ruins, oh, none more picturesque I ween,
By wanderer ever in old Scotia seen.—

'Twas here, the fat abbot portray'd, ⁴³
To honest John Knox the old maid,
Who with Superstition had stray'd

Round these plains, for a thousand long years ;
To him honest John stripp'd her naked !
While Scriptural wands were na glaikit—
They on the bare hip made her take it,

Till suffus'd in her blood and her tears !

She, crying, ran to her compeers.

Kilkerran now would give the eyes a home,
That after ancient objects love to roam.

Bargenny, sweet seat, for thy scenery renown'd,
Where the muse, love, and graces do still smile around :
Oh, while art's lovely beauties embellish thy plains,
Agriculture exalting, the mind joys in chains—
Yes, chain'd to the spot where, in rapturous gaze,
She enjoys all the beauties sweet labour portrays !

As sailing by Sicilia's fertile shore,

The sea-going traveller can with pleasure gaze ;

On Agrigentum's ruins, fam'd of yore,
High-pil'd imperial domes of other days,
So to the Wanderer, who by Ailsa strays,⁴⁴
Culzean appears with native beauties crown'd,
While the surrounding scenery displays,
More happy hills and highly cultur'd ground,
Where more substantial fruits and hardier swains abound.

Along thy shore, oh, Coila, lies my way,
I can no more, exulting, in thee stay !
But yet a Pilgrim ever prone to roam,
To whom the world will scarce supply a home,
In life's brief voyage will not from you part,
Nor leave a grateful picture of his heart,
Deep mark'd upon his wayward wandering chart.
Hail, sweet Doonside ! that charms the wand'ring eye.
How pleas'd is he who now does pass you by ;
Delightful braes, and fairy-haunted scenes,
That Robin's pencil has made evergreens !
Thou'rt Coila's garden !—loveliest of the isle !
Oh, round thee still may peace and plenty smile.

As the clear stream soft beauty reflects to the gaze,
In its features, as lovelily true,
When the larch, proudly rising, o'er brushwood displays,
Than its neighbours, more beauties to view;

So Sundrum, in beauty surpassing around,
All the seats that the Wand'rer can see,
Exalted smiles lovely above a green mound,
Where sweet rills purl around in their glee.

But the beauties of Nature, so gentle and kind,
That encircle this beautiful spot,
Are outmatch'd by their feeling Possessor's sage mind,
Where the Virtues have built them a grot.

'Tis not his to go roaming abroad o'er the world,
While his peasantry—forc'd out for bread,
By the blasts of distress—in want's vortex are hurl'd,
Where coldly unhous'd lies the head !

No ! Coila is his—was his ancestor's—home,
And its comforts no clime can excel :

For pleasure he drinks in his own native dome—
'Tis his joy's most endearing pure well !

A foe to the slaves that the thoughtless entice,
Afar from their dwellings to roam ;
A foe to degen'rate wand'rers, who vice
Court, to bring to their forefather's home.

Yes, around this blest dwelling the poor man can smile,
And his smile cheers the Master's fond heart—
Oh, happy the swains if each laird in the isle,
Would, like Sundrum, such blessings impart.

While stately palaces rush on my sight,
Yet all their beauties I am forc'd to leave ;
And pass their charms—though with a sweet delight,
For lov'd embow'ring shades of Auchencruive.
Here richly garnish'd are old Coila's floods,
Romantic'ly with loftiest hanging woods ;
Oh, where the Wanderer could admiring stay,
A musing hermit, till his latest day.
Thence, Fullarton, thy groves now charm mine eyes,
Which after scenes, however grand, must join,

Nor may else wood-crown'd castles o'er thee rise,
Thou art so high exalted in my mind.

Now, Eglinton ! I wander through thy groves,
Where Nature clad in loveliest foliage roves !
Ah, me, unfit her charming form to paint,
For which even THOMSON's colouring would be faint ;
Not Cobham, nor the enchanting walks of Stowe ;
Nor all the beauties Richmond e'er could show :
Nor Esher's highly cultivated plains :
Nor yet Carhampton's unsurpass'd domains :
Nor Sion, loveliest to my wandering eyes,
Of all that on the golden Thames lies,
Surpass thee, Eglinton, delightful seat,
Where art's and nature's beauties jointly meet.

Reminiscence.

YEARS have claps'd since first I knew these groves,
The haunts of virtues, graces, joys and loves !
The scenes where sweet domestic blessings grew,
And bloom'd, like roses—fresh with morning dew,
That round their tree their od'rous sweets dispense,
Charming the roving air and raptur'd sense ;—

Holding to all around the sweets of love,
Emblematic of those that mortals hope above !
Here too, I've known—from loftiest life resign'd !—
The courtly, modest, wide-expanded mind,
Where every virtue had a seat, a-part,
And breath'd its essence in the neighbour heart ;
Which, through the frame, the influence would roll,
For sanction of their chaster friend, the soul !—
Go forth, on Heavenly Pity's mission bent,
(No ! she was Pity's self, from Heaven sent !)
And seek the dwelling of the wretched poor,
Where palid misery sigh'd upon the floor :
O'er whom, in majesty, sat pale distress,
While want was screen'd in hapless bashfulness !
Oh, then her acts ! nor tongue nor pen could find
Words, to express the workings of her mind :
But from her happy, feeling, gentle art,
The almost-parted spirit would not part ;
But made the pulse again begin to beat,
And from the heart the icy streams retreat :
While hope—resum'd—inspir'd her cheering throë,
And the cold veins once more felt health's enlivening glow.

But, ah, she's flown ! * ye fair, in ease reclin'd,
Would you but emulate her noble mind !—
Her bright example hold before your eyes,
And smooth the wretched bed where misery lies ;
And wipe the tear from inly-pining grief,
And give to indigence unlook'd relief :
Oh, then might you build high on promise given ;
Such are the keys that ope the gates of Heaven !
And give the soul the surest grandest claim,
When to the passport join'd of our blest SAVIOUR's name !

Emigration.

Now to the north, where lofty Barnwell stands,
And looks in pride o'er cultivated lands,
I roam, with truth—my guide and gentle muse !
Whose powers no minor object e'er subdues.
Here on the summit will I fondly sit,
And view the plains where virtues linger yet—
For ah, 'tis ling'ring only !—fast they haste,
To leave them dark—a desolated waste !

* It may be said of her, "*Pulchrorum autumnus pulcher,*"

Not so the days when their illustrious swains,
Accompany'd by them, burst the Roman chains.
Not so the days when Scandia's noblest band,
Fled from these mountains at their blest command !
Not so the days, though dark with feudal pride,
Were those in which our noblest Patriots died—
When Flodden's southern field announc'd a host,
“Arms !” was the cry, “our virtues will be lost.”
They lov'd their country with a Patriot's love,
And held it second but to realms above ;
For in it every human bliss endear'd !—
Its colder climate hardy virtues rear'd,
That even opposing nations oft, full oft rever'd !
From its bleak clime, oh, never would they roam !
Each vale could boast an hospitable dome
Where wanderers still could feel a generous hand,
Announce them welcome to a virtuous land,
Where noblest feelings dwelt in humblest guise,
Nor envy'd climes where pomp delights weak eyes.
But, later, see the age of glorious strife,
Rouse every dormant virtue into life :
When Rome, in Stuart's garb, would all ensnare
Her chains and superstition's veil to wear !

—Think on the Patriot band ! I hear them cry—
What ! Chain our minds ! No ! first we'll nobly die !
Rome and her darkness back to darkness send,
“Who flinches now was ne'er his country's friend !”
Such be my text ! oh, could I treat it right,
And paint the subject in its clearest light—
No harp I boast of sweetly son'rous swell,
The tale to Patriots' progeny to tell :—
Some of whom nobly scorn abroad to range,
And, like their fathers, hate all foreign change ;
They still possess—though in a less degree
Their fathers' glory—minds and bodies free !
'Tis by the insects of a summer day
Sprung to existence, gaudy, rich and gay,
The muse of truth now sings the indignant lay.
With minds more plebeian than the villain hive,
Forth into notice, see them how they drive !
This, rules a village ! that, a country side,
In all the pomp and arrogance of pride !
Great, self-important, in their own conceit,
Sure man was born to crawl beneath their feet !
But mark the woe—their opulence attends,
And happiness our Scottish pride befriends !

At home despis'd—(a few their doors may grace,
Wretched dependants on a wretched race !)
They fly to foreign scenes, where vice resort,
And Scotia's gold expend for smiles at court !—
At court of whom ?—some petty German chief,
Soldier of him from whom he holds a fief !—
Some mercenary tool, where'er employ'd,
Of honour, principles, and feelings void.
Perhaps the Pope permits them bend a knee,
Then home they write that Catholics should be free !
The same post brings their factors, too, a bill,
That all the grindings off the poor can't fill !
Though lands are let far, far beyond their worth,
And Peasants prest even to the very earth !
Rather than, Patriot like, reduce their rents,
And strive to stop the people's discontents :
Their farms grow waste—industrious farmers driven,
Take witness of th' oppression, righteous Heaven !
While writers every newspaper invite
All money-lenders, to accept the right
Of charters, rent-rolls, feus—for years to come.
If they'll advance the emigrant a sum—

Just to enable him to change his place,
Where his great honour might obtain disgrace !
Which years, the wretched peasantry are left
To some good agent—of all — bereft.
Heavens ! can a Government, where freedoms live,
Such worse than feudal power to wretches give ?
Can men exist beneath the abject load,
Of worse than slavery ? while such tyrants goad !
Will the extended power not reach excess ?—
Oh, yes ! it does !—it should !—it must, be less !
The first best principle that Nature gives
To every creature, on the earth that lives,
Is preservation of itself, and kind,
Which reigns, supreme, o'er each enlighten'd mind ;
Thence, grasps, at once, whole nations, countries, states,
And, for their weal, oposes vengeful fates !
Ye Legislators, then, whom virtues bless,
Who see your Country plung'd in deep distress !
Fallen from a state of every human bliss,
Down into wretchedness' extreme abyss !
Who know a sacrifice 'twere better make,
Than risk the whole at once upon a stake—

Whose part it is, oppression to oppose,
And quick ameliorate th' oppressed's woes !
Can you, inactive, live, and see the cause,
Defy the power of all existing laws ?
Nor frame a Bill, such evils to restrain,
And bring back comforts to our fields again ?
Sure, if the modish slave with slaves must dwell,
He should not rob our plains that states excel !
Nor bear their natural substance o'er the sea
To wretches,—who enjoy their misery !
Though he may not experience every sting,
Or pains and woes that from his actions spring ;
Yet well his income should be made to feel,
And, like Achilles' sword, its woundings heal.
Rise from your slumber, at your Country's call,
And down before fair Virtue's altar fall !
Nine-tenths of Britain will your actions bless,
And, name you great—her friends in deep distress !

Now, Enterkine ! thy beauties pleas'd I view,
And on them gaze, with raptures ever new :
Till Stair again exalts his modest head,
And shows where hoary Coila turns his bed.

Past Failford tow'rds Barskimming on I rove,
There pause, admiring Burns' haunts of love.
Thence, to Melrose's tributary cell,⁴⁵
Where kneel'd fair nuns and monks to vesper's bell ;
(That o'er, to pranks that midnight sham'd could tell !)
Oh, you, my friends, who this small village grace,
Though I no more your thresholds should retrace :
Go where I may, I'll recollect with pride,
Those whom I often met on hoary Coila's side.

Mosgiel ! I greet ye, and the fields around !
Though hapless made, yet loftiest classic ground !
What though no Greek or Roman lore he knew,
He had from nature what were worth the two.
Methinks I see him in this very field,
Which he, oh, many a joyless day, has till'd !
While by him limps the timid wounded hare,
That cruel hunter would not mercy spare ;
And the poor mouse's nest is turn'd to view,
Or the wild daisy's sod the share runs through :
Oh, then his feelings, or to judge or know
The indignant, sympathizing, generous glow .

The shock of pity that his soul did feel,
 That even extended to the mouse's weal :—
 Oh, it were worth a life of toil and care,
 Such Heavenly-lent emotions but to share. *

Maids of Coila.

DIVINE Erato ! on my pen descend,
 And prove it virtue's worth's, and beauty's friend.
 Far hence drive malice, with her wounding smile,
 And banish envy into “durance vile !”
 Oh, teach my pen whence truths are wont to flow,
 The goodness of the gentle maids to show,
 Whom its conductor daily us'd to greet,
 With smiling faces, on auld ——— street.
 Fair native's beauties, by old Coila's rills,
 Pure as the snow that blanches on her hills ;
 Lovely as morning, when the infant dawn
 Throws, from the east, her blushes o'er the lawn,

* It will be seen that I here differ with the anonymous author of “Burnomania,” particularly on the score of sensibility—he has never, I presume, been exposed to a conflict of passions, like the unhappy Author, whose celebrity he has attempted to diminish.—Was he a *Calf*, or a *Hornbook*?—

Virtuous as nature—ere was virtue made,
Charming the mind with charms that never fade !—
For their's are all embellishments of mind,
That can at once adorn and raise them o'er their kind.
Since Reason first upon my soul did shine,
I still have priz'd the beauties of the mind:
Thought her possess'd of more than countless ore,
Who with her beauties graceful virtues wore !
Her breast, that every tender feeling warms,
To me has thousand, thousand nameless charms :
Yet though 'tis rare such maidens blest to see,
Accomplish'd G——— 'twould faintly colour thee !
Come, lovely Julia ! with thy seraph's smile,
And let thy worth each sordid thought exile.
Blest were the man who'll clasp thy angel charms,
In his, though mortal, yet thrice happy arms ;
For, richer than the treasures of Peru,
Are Coila's native virtues met in you.
Hail, Beauty ! beaming with celestial rays,
Hence o'er thy fellows throw no transient blaze !—
But that which bounteous nature has design'd
Should shine always from virtue's kindled mind ;

Yes, gentle B—— now Envy pale has flown.
And Affectation, with the witch, has gone,
To own thee loveliest of the beauteous throng,
Whose worth and virtues dignify my song.
Come near, lov'd maids ! oh, stop ! don't come so fast !
Though all will not, yet some one must, be last.
Your name, young Miss, that lately grac'd our dance !
What is't, my friend, accomplish'd ?—not in France !
Gay little Sappho, of thy Phaon's lays,
Com'st thou to hear thy well-earn'd meed of praise !—
Nay, to all praise thou dost prefer the truth,
That noblest monitor of female youth.
Oh, then when female beauties cease to charm,
And calumny's foul stings can do thee harm,
And Eurus heaves no more the northern main—
Thy power o'er human hearts may cease to reign !
Bring every flow'r of sweetest scent and form,
And all that can the ravish'd senses charm,
And let them spread abroad a rich perfume—
To greet Eliza in youth's roseate bloom.
Good nature's thron'd upon her lovely cheek,
Beneath her eyes, that loveliest feelings speak :

Whose sable orbs their ends may not conceal,
All eyes must see them, and all hearts must feel !
Oh, shall my little *slider* be forgot ?
Forbid it Heaven, that e'er thy blossom ought.
A few years hence some feeling Poet's lays,
May justly fill whole volumes in her praise !
Nor shall the lovely girl who knew the cause,
That brought the lady with the “ veil of gauze ! ”
Remain un-nam'd ! the bounties of kind Heaven
To one more amiable were never given !
'Tis hers to scan mankind, scarce in her teens,
And plant what judgment will think evergreens.
Away, ye haughty, ignorant, and vain !—
Such traits the Wanderer spurns with just disdain.

To Mary of the Muse. ⁴⁹

WHILE you, my sweet friend, in the morning of youth,
Indulge the gay muse, and with her sweetly roam,
Across the wide meadows of fancy and truth,
And prove Disappointment with you has no home !

Oh, hear a young friend who these flowery fields past,
With bosom like thine—for 'twas gentle and young :

And thought that life's morning for ever would last—
Unknown to its troubles thus careless he sung.—

Oh, haste happy manhood, and bring me thy joys !
For youth is a season of dulness and toil,
When learning's stern votary our pleasure annoys—
Oh, happiness, say, art thou never to smile ?

Unseen came on manhood, and manhood brought care,
And care show'd me scenes I had ne'er seen before !
I found that with pleasure some pain I must share,
And I sigh'd not for longings of youth any more !

Like you, disappointed, I thought it were folly,
To grieve at such trifles—for still they will come !
And grieving, we know is an action unholy—
Than me you were much better off tho' at home !—
And if you'd prove, dear Mary, by what cause,
You saw, “the lady with the veil of gauze !”

Coila's Poets.

OH, land renown'd for heroes, laws, and arts,
And beauties, thieves of hapless wanderers' hearts :
And Poets, too, who could these beauties prize,
Whether in virtuous minds or star-like eyes !—
Who all love's sweet emotions have portray'd,
And shown his pow'r in castle, cot, or shade.—
Yes, all that Heaven bestows on mind of man,
Is found the natural produce of this land.

As gentle love with his young charms will fly,
And bear us but short way towards the sky,
As dust the summer winds exalt on high ;
So here was Bard, whose serious piercing gaze ⁵⁰
Pass'd through life's transient pleasure's shallow maze,
And sung, that constantly life's running glass
Unceasingly teems on, nor stops, alas !
“ Why man, build'st thou on joys that pass away,
“ Like wand'ring sun-beams in a cloudy day ?
“ Now here, now where ? we see the thing no more !—
“ So in the aggregate our lives pass o'er !
“ Unfix'd as winds are ever prone to roam,
“ So man keeps journeying to his certain home !”

Thus would the reverend Bard his audience greet,
Who show'd the place where all life's travellers meet,
The gloomy realms of the unconscious grave,
O'er which rent elms or mournful yew trees wave,
With pleasure-wounding steps he firm explor'd,
Singing the awful power of man's triumphant Lord !
And pointing out the plan his darts to foil,
And dreaded stings of venom to beguile;
Oh, then to brighter regions would he fly,
Where on a radiant throne exalted high,
Sits Death's triumphant Conq'ror in the empyrean sky.

Coila's Bard.

HAIL, BURNS ! whose Iris' pen could paint,
The lover, hypocrite, or saint,
And show the loves of country maids,
And joys portray of rural shades ;
And bring the cotter's wifie's smile,
That robb'd her mate of care and toil,
Before our eyes, in colours true,
While she sat making auld claes new :
Or make our breasts with wishes throe;
To feel thy patriotic glow—

The rapt enthusiast wish to feel,
Of thine, for Scotia's lasting weal—
And England's too ! for thou wast loyal,—
('Twas prov'd on thy official trial !)
Thy animating songs inspire,
The mind with more than mortal ire,
Against thy country's foes, or love, or truth,
Oh, hapless slave of care !—half-joyless from thy youth!
But what reward hadst thou for all thy worth,
Poor self-thought outcast from the ungrateful earth ?
In life to pine, in death to force a name,—
That will defy old Time,—from vicious babbling fame !

Oh, is it worth the time that Bards expend
To court the timid world to be their friend?—
Who self-exiling from the throng retire,
Or friendly social circle round the fire,
To gain a name ? How is the wretch forlorn,
Who spends the night,—and oft the ensuing morn,
To please the crowd,—with weary half shut eyes,
While thought half-written from his memory flies?—
Oh, speak his sorrow when he not succeeds?
Judge how his every pore of feeling bleeds !

When after days of toil and nights of pain,
He may not steep Parnassus' summit gain.
But, fond, ambitious, still the human mind,
The acme of perfection fain would find ;
And tho' kind nature keeps it from our sight,
Yet, emulation makes our labours light ;
While lovely hope, still urging, lends her aid,
And tells us all our toils may be repaid !

Quirkirk.

DARK was the night, the snow in ridges lay
Athwart my truly, gloomy, frightful, way.
On either hand where it had thaw'd away,
The dark earth seem'd to strive with midnight's sway !
And nameless grand it was ! more true sublime,
Than by me seen before in any clime !
As far as night would let us look before,
The contrast seem'd like surges on a shore,
Now breaking white—now mingling with the sand,
Black as dark midnight's jetty varnish'd hand !—
While rocks and precipices in our way,
Tow'rds which we seem'd to ride, gave fear her sway !

But when the fields of fire we saw appear,
Whose blaze surrounding hills for miles did cheer,
And drove night's empress from her sable throne,
Who else had reign'd in awful state alone.—
Judge of the high-beat feelings in each breast,
When grand sublimity we saw confess !
For me, my feeble fancy would portray
The awful grandeur which the scenes display ;
But fades before the task as night before the day !
Ye who would see things, terrible sublime,
Who roam around the world's each varied clime,
Pursuing joys, or wasting precious time,
Oh, visit Muirkirk on a snowy night,
When neither moon nor stars display their light,
I'll pledge my pen you'll long enjoy the sight !
No lofty turrets grac'd the master's dome,
But there we found a hearty welcome home !—
A gladly squeezing hand,—and friendly shake—
That op'd the door with no forbidding creak :
A pleasing hostess' amiable smile,
That would our every wayward care beguile !
Anticipation, still alert, could see
Our wants, and gave us—hospitality †

Hail, goddess ! for no mortal sure art thou !
With blanded smiles, and ever cheerful brow !
How pleas'd could I on yon dark muirhill's side
Within a heathery hut with you reside !
Thou mak'st the coarsest morsel, with thy smile,
More sweet than all the high strong savour'd pile,
That smokes before the bloated slave of food,
And, taste-inviting, tells the wretch 'tis good !
In day-light when the wand'rer views the toil,
 That here unceasing plies with sooty brow,
In thought he visits rocky Lesbos' isle,
 And sees the Cyclops' massy forges glow !
Adieu, ye moors where genuine virtues dwell,
Oft shall my fancy visit you,—farewell !

Conclusion.

YE princely domes that Coila's vales adorn,
 And ye are many of the stateliest mould !
Oh, deem your owners not that youth time-borne
 Would willingly your beauties pass untold !
He wand'ring on, by no plann'd rules controul'd.

Marks down the unstudied words in running rhyme,
And to the world now shews the outlines bold,
Of what presents the beautiful sublime,
Equal, if not more grand, to many a foreign clime.

With you I may not dwell! time flies apace,
Me other, not more honour'd, plains demand;
Yet, still your beauties will I fond retrace,
Wherever playful fates shall me command—
Tho' wanderer to the earth's remotest strand,
Oh, Heaven, let Coila's native virtues guide!
Then will I still be rich, tho' wanting land,
Or indigent!—wild roaming far and wide
I, warm'd with Virtue's fire, will match a prince in pride!

Lines—2136.

END OF THE WANDERER IN AYRSHIRE.

Muptial Wishes

ON A LATE ROYAL MARRIAGE.

MAY happiness crown their love !
May they each blessing prove,
Favour'd of Heaven, above,
 Virtue's reward.

May BRUNSWICK's illustrious line,
Never in them decline,
But with fresh lustre shine,—
 Freemen to guard !

May their each purpose tend,
Prudence with pow'r to blend,
And wounded morals mend,
 While they are here.

May our much favour'd isle,
Still see their offspring smile,
And every vice exile,
 That dare appear !

And, when they leave this world, may they obtain
A crown !—where high and low promiscuous reign,
Who on this side of time ador'd at Virtue's fane !

June, 1816.

Lines

*To the Right Honourable the Countess of BUCHAN, on
laying the Foundation Stone of a MONUMENT to
the Memory of SIR WILLIAM WALLACE.*

“———Hos utinam inter, Heroas natum tellus me prima tulisset.”

Oh, that the primitive earth had produced me among such Heroes!

HORACE.

WHILE patriot feelings grace thy noble breast,
Oh, Buchan, where the Virtues glow, confess,
With rays enlivening our still happy land,—
Where gratitude awakes at thy command,
To render virtuous valour's noblest glow,
Immortal! so that unborn chiefs may know,
That Wallace liv'd, and for his country died,
And long repell'd a lawless tyrant's pride—
Grateful my thoughts I offer, noble dame!—
Such are the deeds that warm my soul for fame!
Regardless he, of fortune's luring charms!—
When Scotia wanted Patriots under arms,
Sublime he trod her heaths and free land glens,
Though few his followers or his trusty friends:

Till fir'd by him, the glorious spirit rose,
And burst in vengeance on old Scotia's foes !
Oft led by him her free-born heroes bore,
The tide of victory on through streams of gore !—
Nor paus'd he, till his rightful monarch woke
Who Edward's slavish fetters nobly broke,
And freed his country dear from that usurper's yoke !
But who, without a tear, the chief could view,
Of his lov'd country take a forc'd adieu ?
Like traitor bound and like a felon slain,
To crown the errors of that bloody reign !—
Thrice prone to blood by an ambitious king—
That source whence still the woes of nations spring.
Freedom, I know, has charms—and those most fair !
To please the Heaven-ennobled mind, and share
Her joys with those, who virtuous laurels grace,
And render nobler far each noble race—
That, still inspir'd by her ennobling glow,
Shall rank her enemies, their deadliest foe !
But, when our loveliest fair those charms possess
Our expectations how can we express ?—
Virtue shall vie with glory every year,
To render native virtues doubly dear :

So that degeneracy, we now behold,
Whether in slaves to fashion, vice, or gold,
No more shall sweep with vitiating hand,
While minds like Buchan's grace our honour'd land!—
In which her native virtues ever move,
And deck their beauties with our country's love! \
Fair Buchan's 'twas, from earliest times, at Scone,
To hand old Scotland's monarch to the throne:
And, when his temples lav'd the holy oil,
To place the crown of this illustrious isle!—
The right continues thine, illustrious dame!
Confirm'd by ages to thy noble name,
And still, in Britain, thou, the acknowledg'd right shouldst
claim!

The claim is right! ——— the rite was ne'er design'd,
To honour any, save a noble mind:—

“ For where the chair of Scone by fate is plac'd,
“ That nation's honour ne'er shall be defac'd!

“ Her glory universal still shall be,
“ Shining on land, resplendent on the sea!

“ The dread of tyrants, who the weak oppress,

“ Ally of honour! suffering's sure redress.

“ First in the cause of freedom, fly unfurl’d
“ Her glorious banners, o’er a tyrant world,
“ Till from her shore to earth’s remotest plains,
“ No more are heard the captive’s galling chains !”
Such might thy lay have been, oh, Bard of Scone,
When Freedom’s Son, young Bruce, first fill’d the throne.
Have we not daily proofs that all were true?
Say, Algiers, say, resound it, Waterloo !
Echo ye creatures, on Caribbean fields,
Slavery no more the oppressive cow-’kin wields ;
The unfeeling driver’s lash no more ye dread,—
Amelioration soft as freedom takes its stead !
These are from seeds off native freedoms blown,
That flourish’d long round Scotia’s favour’d throne !
Till disuniting factions had them driven,
Forth to their native hills, like snows of Heaven !
Whence they had check’d the Roman Eagle’s flight,
Though yet immers’d in darkest heathenish night.
'Twas then our Gardener, Wallace, first did see,
The pressing wants of the neglected tree :
And, though it cost him blood, and pain, and toil,

He fix'd her roots in a luxuriant soil !
Whence now her branches spread, far, far beyond our isle !
Buchan, in life, a friend the heroë found !
His worth in death, fair Buchan too admires.
Virtues—the friends of worth—will still abound,
While thy fix'd Pile the rising Patriot fires,
And History tells him how, for Freedom bled our sires.

BANKS OF AYR, 1816.

NOTES

TO

THE WANDERER IN AYRSHIRE.



1 *Men, Scotia found in dangers “bide their time!”*

“ I bide my time,” is the motto of the Campbells of Loudon; and the crest, a two headed Eagle rising from flames, and looking towards the sun.

DOUGLAS’ PEERAGE.

2 *That rises bleak o'er Largs' immortal field.*

“ Haco, king of Norway, invaded Scotland, and was overcome by the Scots at Largs, on the 2d day of October, 1273. This invasion was principally at the instigation of Henry the 3d king of England. Alexander, the 3d of Scotland, having married the Princess Margaret, daughter of Henry, refused to do homage to him for Scotland, although insidiously required. Henry paid only 500 merks of his daughter’s portion, and pleaded inability to pay more.”

ANNALS OF SCOTLAND.

3 While settled fast on Loudon's Mount.

From the mist of times the above hill has been famous as a scene of battles ! Wallace and Bruce here conquered the invaders of their country. But prior to their days it has been considered a commanding martial situation, if we may judge from the Roman Cairns found in its neighbourhood. Here, also for a time, the unfortunate Covenanters severely suffered by the sanguinary agents of bigotry and superstition ; but, ultimately defeated the bloody and infamous Claverhouse and his associates.

4 Where ruin'd now Turnberry bore.

“ This Castle belonged to Alexander, earl of Carrick, who died “ in the holy land, and left an only daughter, Martha. Having “ met Robert Bruce, lord of Annandale, Scotland, and of Cleve- “ land in England, hunting on her domain, she forced him by gentle “ violence to this her castle, where they were speedily and secretly “ married in 1273-4.”

FORDUN.

5 Now in the intervening vales.

From Loudon Hill, in a clear day, an observer commands a most delightful prospect over the greater part of the county of Ayr; and a considerable portion of Lanark, Renfrew, &c. From the W. N. W. to the W. S. W. the frith of Clyde, beyond which the high Arran hills, Bute, Kintyre, Lorn, Ireland, &c. give an agreeable luxury to the eye, easier imagined than described. However, the

vales alluded to, are those which lie along the course of the river Irvine, from Derval past Newmilns, Loudon, Galston, and Riccarton, and terminate on the sea-shore near Irvine; than which, I know none more beautifully diversified with Noblemen and Gentlemen's seats, villages, plantations, &c.

6 *Wallace*—

Notwithstanding the many disputed traditional reports, that this illustrious Patriot was a native of Elderslie—Renfrew—(not Ellerslie—Lanark—which, it is said, was only the scene of many of his celebrated exploits,) yet it was generally believed by the last lineal descendant of that celebrated family, Mrs. Dunlop of Dunlop, that he was born at the seat of his grandfather, at Craigie,—and, that the removal of his father to the little estate of Elderslie, was long after the birth of Wallace; and principally owing to his large family, having been too numerous for the paternal dome at Craigie. Be that as it may, however, we see him, according to the often ridiculous account of Blind Harry, acting a very conspicuous part on the banks of the water of Irvine, at a very early age. Nothing less than killing Englishmen with his fishing rod! Hence, I think, that if any part of the life of Wallace, written by Blind Harry—which Lord Hailes admits most of our Historians have copied in their accounts of this great man—can be relied on, it is not improbable, that, if he was not born in Ayrshire, he was certainly in it from a very early age; and there, in my opinion, inhaled the air that blew his patri-

otism into a flame. For, indeed, I cannot think it likely that a boy, or stripling, which he is then represented to have been, would go from Elderslie to Riccarton, a distance of not less than twenty-four miles, over a bleak muirland country, to fish in the water of Irvine, when the rivers Cart, and Clyde, were within a much shorter distance. The following conjectures naturally suggest themselves to my mind.—The first is, that, in consideration of the cause before mentioned, he might have been at that time living in a house of his paternal grandfather, the laird of Craigie, at Riccarton, then occupied by his cousin Adam Wallace. There, I think, from its having being on the road to Ayr, where was a strong garrison of English troops, he must have had frequent opportunities of witnessing the oppression of his countrymen by those usurpers; thence imbibing that noble spirit of patriotism for which he was afterwards so conspicuous. The second conjecture, tending more fully to convince me of the correctness of my opinion, backed by that of Mrs. Dundlop, is, that though he might not have been living at the seat of his grandfather of Craigie, or cousin of Riccarton; yet, by going two or three miles farther up the banks of the water of Irvine, we might on better ground place him at the seat of his paternal grandfather, Sir Ronald Crawford, Sheriff of Ayr; whose house, or castle, stood nearly on the same scite whereon now stands Loudon Castle. The polite request of Wallace of the Englishman, who was about to rob him of his fish—

“ An aged Knight, that lives in yonder house,
“ Let him have some? pray be so generous!”—

partly confirms my opinion, that the allusion was made to Sir Ronald Crawford; for at that period, his cousin, Adam, of Riccarton, was not aged, nor had he, nor the Laird of Craigie, attained the honour of knighthood. This conjecture is better supported than the former, in consequence of the military road leading from Ayr to the interior, running past Monkton, Craigie, Riccarton, and Loudon Castle, thence keeping along the bed of the water of Irvine to Loudon Hill; at which place the English kept, or attempted to keep, a large party to keep open communication from Lanark, and other parts of the interior, with the west. Hence I repeat, that Wallace must there have had frequent opportunities of observing the English conduct, their plunder, &c. of the inland counties, to their garrisons at Ayr and Galloway. Whereas, at Elderslie, (Renfrew) a place situate between bare and almost barren hills, quite out of the way of the English, who generally kept in the more fertile parts of the country, I am fully persuaded that he never saw an Englishman; at least, I cannot trace any nearer Elderslie than Glasgow by the help of history;—but the scenes of Lanark Ellerslie would be *vice versa*.

Since writing the above, I have carefully perused the learned work of Mr. Ker, author of the “History of King Robert the Bruce.” And in the dissertation on Wallace, find nothing to induce me to alter my established opinion of his having been a native of Ayrshire. One of the strongest proofs is that quotation from Blind Harry, before cited, which makes him grandson of Craw-

ford, Sheriff of Ayr. But as Wallace and Bruee were cotemporary, I here find myself embarrassed in the perplexed histories and records of their days; or rather, I find, what appears a contradiction in terms of that generally received report! For, was it correct, his mother must have been sister to the last Sir Ronald Crawford, whose daughter, Susannah, married the younger Campbell of Loehow, ancestor of the present Loudon family; and surely would not have escaped the notice of the Biographer or Historian: particularly, as we find under the head of Loudon, (in the deep-sought and well-informed Peerage of Sir Robert Douglas,) the descent of Crawfords, Sheriffs of Ayr, for four or five generations prior to the above cited marriage; where nothing whatever is mentioned about the union of Wallae's father with Miss Crawford! Hence, what is to be inferred; that Blind Harry was a Poet, and like most of his profession, liable to err; or that the information of Sir Robert Douglas was erroneous? Have we ought to hope from a closer examination of the archives of the family of Loudon?—It is the last resource!

7 *Pass o'er, oh pen, a bloody tyrant's rage.*

Whether the eternal stigma on the promoter of those iron and truly barbaric deeds originated with Sir John Menteith, or with Halliburton, or with Edward, himself, which is most likely from his characteristic meanness, it is matter of little consequence; dishonour and shame are its reward! How much have I, in common with the

world, to lament that the life of this great and good man, by his friend Mr. Blair, is not forthcoming.

8 *Carrick Castle.*

As Martha, Countess of Carrick, forfeited her Castle of Turnberry and estates, by marrying Lord Robert Bruce, without the consent of the King, whose Ward she was; so I am of opinion, that her eldest son, Robert, (afterwards King,) was born in some neighbouring house, or castle, during the time Turnberry and the estate were under forfeiture, consequently during her exclusion; to which, it appears by history, she was not restored until the following year, when she and her Lord did homage for them to the King, and were again restored to the royal favour.

A mound of earth, to the left of the road leading from Maybole to Girvan, was pointed out to me by an aged peasant, as a place which, in the remembrance of his grandfather, was traditionally believed to be the house, or castle, in which Bruce was born. He himself recollects some part of the ruins three or four feet above the surface; but, in the lapse of time, they had been taken away to make stone dykes. I note this assertion, as wearing some feature of probability, in consequence of the above noticed forfeiture and exclusion.

I know of no historical record for the place of his birth; but is it not probable that he was born in some neighbouring house, or castle, to Turnberry, during the exclusion of his parents from that

Castle? It would appear to be the case, when we imagine that his mother, naturally expecting to be restored when she did homage to the King, would not go far from her native place until after her confinement. To partly overbalance this conjecture, however, Historians say, that “Robert was not the first born!” “Martha and “Robert were married in the hunting season of 1273!” Fordun says, “July 11th, 1274, Martha, Countess of Carrick, wife of Robert Bruce, bore a son, Robert!” consequently there could not have been many before him; else we may conclude the Countess happier in that way than most of her sex.

9 *Threw o'er her few remaining Patriots awe.*

I am inclined to think, that the power of Priestcraft over the minds of the people of Scotland during the interregnum, in consequence of the sanctity of the leagues entered into by Bruce, Baliol, Comyns, &c. must have kept a considerable portion of the people from entering the lists against that part of the competitors who were backed by Edward: else, where was the spirit of Scotsmen?—daily feeling the oppressive yoke of usurpers, and witnessing the most brutal tyranny? The feudal spirit of the times, and the power of the infamous degenerate Barons, can scarcely account for it!

Lord Hailes remarks, that, “immediately monarchy was restored, “the Clergy of Scotland appeared in a light every way honourable “to themselves.” So did the Pope and the Clergy of Italy and France, when their good friend Buonaparte was sent to St. Helena.

But were they idle during the war? Were there no intriguers among them? No Feschs or Talleyrands? I may be bold to say, that, if through the perplexed histories of those times, we could see a clear picture of the transactions, we would find, at least, that they were not altogether idle: unless like his very docile Holiness, and the above Clergy, they were kept under by sheer force.

10 *Oft Coila's Keith has made invaders yield.*

In 1318, Randolph and Douglas, conducted by one Spalding a malcontent citizen of Berwick, surprised that town. The garrison sallied out, but were repulsed by the valour of young Sir William Keith of Galston. Sir William is said, but without evidence, to have been the son of Sir Robert Keith, Marischal. He was unfortunately killed with his own lance before Stirling, in October 1346, and was the favourite of the whole army. In consequence of whose irreparable loss the siege of Stirling was raised.

ANNALS OF SCOTLAND.

11 *Illustrious shire, a Barnes you too may boast,*

A Brisbane too, whose honours on you shine.

Major General Brisbane, and Col. Barnes, for whose actions *vide* Lord Wellington's dispatches from the continent.

12 *Kilmarnock too, her gallant sons can tell.*

Sergeants Ewart and Laurie of the Scots Greys are, I am informed,

ed, with many others of the above gallant regiment, natives of Kilmarnock.

13 *In raptures, Air, thine ancient towers I view.*

It is truly gratifying to visit Ayr; a place sacred to every Patriot; and indeed to every person capable of enjoying pleasing reflections, from the contemplation of heroic actions, or scenes famous in history. The town of Ayr has the honour of having given birth to the first Briton who had the hallowed boldness to oppose Popery with Reason, scarcely four hundred years after the death of Christ.

Several centuries afterwards it was a town of the first note, and even vied with Stirling, then the capital. It is renowned also during the interregnum, occasioned by the death of King Alexander the third; the contentions between Bruce and Baliol, &c. and in the war which terminated in the defeat of Edward, King of England, and the restoration of Scottish freedom. Still smiling in ancient grandeur over Air, stands the Tower which adorned the end of the Church of St. John, that echoed with the joyful shouts of Freemen, when the swords of a Patriot Parliament were unsheathed and pledged at its holy altar, to maintain inviolate the freedom of Scotland, and the rights of Bruce.—Hence to the Wanderer it was sacred ground.

I could obtain no information respecting any remains that might have been saved of the castle burned by Bruce, after he had heard of the defeat of his army at Falkirk; but, as Air is possessed of two

or three ancient towers, of which there are no records, so I think it not improbable that one of them may have composed a part of it. The exterior of the citadel built by the troops of Cromwell is yet nearly entire, and furnishes a clear picture of the mode of fortification in the days of that usurper, little inferior, apparently, to that of the present times. The town is also adorned with a neatly executed Statue of "the immortal Preserver of Scottish independance!" the gift of a public-spirited gentleman of the name of Cowan, a merchant in Ayr. If we may judge from the original picture in the Advocates library, the Statuary has done his part; but taste, I presume, from the place in which it stands, has been truly deficient. Had I known of the Statue before I visited Ayr, I would naturally have gone to the most conspicuous part of the town to have seen it—but it would not have been there!

It occurs to me, that a neat Pedestal, whereon to place this Statue, would cost but a few pounds; and that placed at the intersection of the street, running from the New Bridge to the Jail, by the main street of Ayr, would, I think, be a more eligible station for the representative of a man who, while living, had always a peculiarly happy taste himself for the most conspicuous place! the good people of Ayr are indulgent, and I would most willingly contribute my mite.

14 *Would ever spoil creation's loveliest kind.*

The story of Edward having shut up the wife and sister of Bruce,

and exhibited them to the people of London in a cage, contradicts my expressed opinion. But though the meanness of the despicable dupe of ambition rendered him equal to any act of barbarism, yet the account is so poorly authenticated, (even though good Duke Humphrey's wife shared nearly a similar fate, *vide Shakespeare*,) that I would fain not give it credit.

15 *Erigena Scott.*

" During the reign of Gregory, (after the tenth age,) there lived a learned man, named John Scott, surnamed Erigena, because he was born in the town of Ayr. He published a treatise, '*Dc corpore et sanguine Domine in sacramento!*' wherein he maintained the doctrine of Bertram, by which he highly offended the see of Rome."

Preface to KNOX'S HIST. of REFOR.

16 *Rowallen.*

The family seat of Sir Adam Muir, whose daughter Elizabeth married King Robert the second, and the first of the Stuarts; was mother of Robert the third; consequently the present royal family of Great Britain, and others of the royal houses of Europe, are partly descended from this ancient and noble family; which is now represented by the Countess of Loudon, &c.

STAT. ACCOUNTS.

17 *Dundonald Castle.*

In this Castle lived and died Robert the second, first of the

Stuart line. No authentic record can be procured at what time this Castle was built, spoiled of its roof, and rendered desolate. About the year 1640, the estate was purchased by Sir William Cochran of Loudon, ancestor of the present family of Dundonald.

BEAUTIES OF SCOT.

18 *Stair.*

The family seat of Dalrymple, Earl of Stair. It is most romantically situate on the banks of the river of Ayr.

Or ladies by their bright example gave.

Isobel Chalmer, Lady Stair, for her exertions against Popery, was included among those who were termed “Lollards of Kyle!” Her Ladyship, and the following persons, were summoned before his Majesty, James the 4th, in 1494, by Blackater, Bishop of Glasgow. They were Helen Chalmer, Lady Pokellie; Isobel Chalmer, Lady Stair; George Campbell of Cessnock; Adam Reid of Barskimming; John Campbell of Newmilns; and twenty-six others.”

Vide GLASGOW REGISTER.

19 *Dean Castle,*

Was for many centuries the paternal seat of the noble family of Boyd, until forfeited by William the 4th Earl of Kilmarnock; who unhappily, at the pressing instigation of his Countess, a Catholic, joined the Chevalier St. George, and surrendered at the Battle of Culloden. “He was carried to London, and executed on Tower hill, 17th of August, 1746!”

DOUGLAS' PLEASANT.

Couldst thou not, gentle spirit, save?

I here address myself to the manes of that Lord Boyd whose name, with that of other Ayrshire noblemen, Earl of Glencairn, Earl of Cassillis, and Lord Ochiltree, always appear on the different instruments that led to assist John Knox in completing the Reformation.

20 *Enough!—they serv'd their country well!*

From Andrew Campbell of Loudon, in right of his mother Susannah Crawford, heritable Scheref or Sheriff of Ayr, who we find in the Annals of Scotland, was among the Scottish prisoners of rank taken at the battle of Durham in 1346, to the present amiable Countess, there is not the slightest stain on any one of this illustrious family. Loyalty led the unfortunate Sir Matthew to command the forces of Mary at the battle of Langside. His intentions were no doubt good, but the cause monstrously bad! What he lost in the cause of Popery, however, was amply made up by the noble exertions of his descendant James, the second Earl, who patriotically stood forward, and effectually opposed the innovations which the luxurious haram-keeper Charles the second would have had introduced, to supersede the simple method of honest John Knox.—“ This amiable nobleman died at Leyden in 1684.”

DOUGLAS' PEERAGE

21 *Craigie Castle,*

The Seat of the Wallaces. The last of this illustrious race was Mrs. Dunlop, only daughter and heiress of the late Sir Thomas

Wallace. Her kindness and attention to the unfortunate Bard of Coila, strongly indicated her possessed of the noble and generous spirit of her ancestors. The estate and ruins now partly belong to my worthy friend, William Campbell, Esq. of Netherplace.

22 *King Coil's grave.*

I was chiefly induced to visit this traditional Mausoleum of Monarchy, by the beautiful scenery around Coilsfield, and Barskimming; which was more than adequate to the trouble of walking twelve miles to see, and, consequently, to admire! The unaffected grief of the peasantry around this delightful spot, for the early and truly lamented death of Lord Montgomery, almost made me a convert to it, where I wished to be joyful.

It has cost me considerable labour and research to discover, if possible, among the existing records or histories of Scotland, whether the traditional story of Coilus, a King of the Picts, or ancient Britons, had any historical foundation. The following citation from Church History will shew my readers the result of my research, (I regret that I have not been more successful,) and enable them to judge how far the analogy of the traditional story keeps pace with truth, after the battle of Doon Water, mentioned as a forerunner to events, in which the Piets bore a most conspicuous part; and, finally, assisted the Scots to recover their ancient inheritance from the Romans. I, myself, am inclined to believe, that a Chieftain, or King of the Picts, named Coilus, did exist, and fell in battle near

this place; for our Pictish forefathers, who had that honour, were always rewarded with a grave on the field of their glory, as the most apposite that could have been chosen. Therefore I differ with the report that Coilus was killed at the battle of Doon! for, had he fallen there, the account would certainly have reached posterity, in company with the death of Ewen the second, King of Scots: to whom, in junction with the Romans, he was opposed; but as the Piets, soon after that battle, renounced the alliance and friendship of the subtle Romans, and adhered to their old and natural friends the Scots; so it is very probable that Coilus fell in one of the subsequent battles with the Romans in this neighbourhood:—in which have been found a number of *tumuli* and cairns, evidently the work of those times.

A few years ago, on clearing away one of these *tumuli*, on the estate of my friend, Mr. Cooper of Failford, F.A.S. and only a short distance from this grave, the workmen turned up an earthen urn, enclosing a small one, filled with human ashes, in which are many pieces of bones that have partly escaped the flames! this I consider of Roman origin. It is now in possession of Mr. Cooper.

“ After the death of Fincormac, both the church and state of Scotland fell into great disorder and trouble, by domestic dissensions and factions, for some years. The Roman lieutenant, Maximus, seeing the intestine troubles of Scotland, began to lay hold upon the occasion. First, he foments their divisions within them; next, he not only withdraws, under fair promises, from the Scots, their

ancient allies the Picts, but also obtained help of the Picts to make war against the Scots, and so to defeat them; which he effectuated indeed, in a battle fought with much bloodshed on both sides, at the water of Doon; in Carrick, wherein King Ewen was killed, [this defeat happened about the year of Christ 380.] the most part of the nobility, and numbers of the people who escaped, some fled into the west isles, some into Ireland, and others to the northern parts of Germany, or Scandia; some submitted themselves to the will and discretion of the conqueror, with the poor people that had not taken arms. Among those that fled away, was Ethod the king's brother, who went with several of the nobility into Scandia, where he and they staid several years; and from whence, now and then, they made secret attempts upon Scotland, with the help of their brethren, retired into the islands and Ireland, but to small effect.

" Now, as the face of the politie state of the country was quite altered and undone; so the condition of the church also was much disordered, and the Culdees were constrained to withdraw, and seek shelter up and down, where they could find any; namely, they returned into the isles, and into Ireland. At last, the Piets perceiving by several attempts made by the exiled Scots to return home, and re-establish their state, (although with little success, as we have said,) that the Scots were fully resolved to bestir themselves continually, till they were restored, and re-established in their ancient inheritances; the Piets themselves being moved with the groaning miseries of their neighbouring poor people of Scotland, now unit-

the Roman yoke, chiefly by their means; and taking to their consideration, how foolishly they had suffered themselves to be so far circumvented and deluded by the Romans, as to contribute to the ruin of their old friends, by whom mainly, in former times, they had withstood the common enemy, did not only comfort the poor oppressed remainder of the Scots at home, but also invited these that were in exile to return, promising unto them the lands which they had of theirs, and to help them with all their strength and counsel, in the recovery of their whole state from the Roman tyrants."

"The exiled Scots, under the conduct of Fergus II. son to Ethod, beyond sea, gathered all they could, both of their own people, and of their friends, from places of their exile; namely, from Scandy, and from Ireland likewise, and came into Scotland; from whence they chased away the Romans, by strong hand, with the help of the Picts! who made good their promise unto them, both in assisting them in the action of war, and in restoring unto them the land they had been dispossessed with by the Romans. The auxiliaries from Ireland staid still in Scotland, and had allowed unto them the country of Galloway for their reward; and, because they were of the ancient Brigantes of Ireland, some of the late writers have said, That the Brigantes of Albion had their abode in Galloway."

BUCHANAN.

I cannot close this Note without first remarking that the elaborate Gibbon, in writing of those times, has been rather too severe

on the natives of Caledonia, and of Ireland. He says, “ Whilst Italy was ravaged by the Goths, and a succession of feeble tyrants oppressed the provinces beyond the Alps, the British Island separated itself from the body of the Roman Empire. The regular forces, which guarded that remote province had been gradually withdrawn, and Britain was abandoned, without defence, to the Saxon pirates, and the savages of Ireland and Caledonia !” Gibbon was an Englishman ! For mine own part, I cannot discover any portion of the early history of Britain that would authorize him to say, or hint, that the Britons were then in a greater degree of refinement than their northern and western neighbours of Caledonia and Ireland : each of which islands having the light of the Gospel as early as their southern brethren, would, in my opinion, be nearly equal with them in point of refinement. To prove this, Tertullian, who may be said to have been an eye-witness, tells us, that, “ The Gospel was diffused into all parts of the world, yea, into Britain, and to that part of the island whereunto the Romans did never pierce; even beyond the wall of Adrian.” Gibbon himself acknowledges, a few pages preceding that from which I have cited the above hint, that it is reported of three British Bishops who assisted at the council of Rimini, (anno 359,) “ *Tam pauperes fuisse nihil haberent.*” How unlike those of the present day ! From the above picture I have the best authority of the church for stating, that, though the Scots, at that time, had no bishops to send, yet, their priests, who had their first authority from the disciples of St. John, would have

appeared to much greater advantage, if learning and indefatigable industry in their sacred calling had been found worthy of commendation ! This leads me on to say, that as the Romans had not finally lost their footing in this Island, until the battle against the Piets and Scots, which is very reasonably supposed to have been fought on Park-moor, (Tarbolton parish, bordering on Kyles-moor Forest, where Maximus, their General, was totally defeated ; and Coilus, King, or Chieftain of the Piets, is reported to have been killed :) so it appears evident, from existing records, that the Romans had a reduced army in this island, thirteen years after the expulsion of their friends from Britain and Armorica, at least after the rebellion of those places; consequently, the occasional intercourse of such polished people, as the Romans were, with our ruder forefathers would, in my opinion, have left the balance of refinement in favour of the Scots !—“Who,” according to Ptolomeus, Tacitus, and Seneca, “were of the same Scots who came to this country from Ireland, (about the time of Alexander the Great, and 500 years before Christ !) a great and mighty people, who inhabited the country as far south as *Eboracum*, now York !” Fordun, in his *Scotichronicon*, adds, “That in consequence of their having left Ireland as a Colony, without any settled form of government, and having increased their numbers, they sent to Ireland for Fergus the 1st to be their King !” Thus have I prolonged the Note from the above unquestionable authorities, merely to shew some wisecraces of the present day, and sticklers for ancient descent, that our forefathers

neither fell from the clouds, nor flew from the land of Canaan to our bleaker clime !

23 Kinzeancleugh.

Kinzeancleugh Ruins stand on the estate of Claude Alexander, Esq. of Ballamyle, and on the Banks of the Ayr. A wood near these ruins, through which runs a rivulet, is said to be the place where Burns parted with Mary Campbell, whom he afterwards so feelingly and pathetically addressed in heaven. “ Anno 1544, in the midst of all the calamities that came upon this realm, Scotland, after the defection of the governor from Christ Jesus, came into this country that blessed martyr of God, Mr. George Wishart!—a man of such graces, as before him was never heard within this realm; yea, and are rare to be found in any man !

“ His first preaching of the gospel was at Montrose, from thence he went to Dundee; where, in the name of the King and Queen, at the instance of the Cardinal, Robert Myle, he was forbidden to preach. From thence he passed into the west country, and at Ayr had again to encounter the rancour of Popery in the person of Dunbar Bishop of Glasgow; whose noted sermon to some old bosses of the town of Air, to check the effects of Wishart’s elegant preaching, was summed up in these words.” ‘ They say we should preach ! ‘ Why not ? Better late thrive than never thrive ! Hold us still for your Bishops, and we shall provide better the next time ! ’ “ The eloquent Bishop, however, returned not to fulfil his promise ! ——

Through the assistance of Alexander Earl of Glencairn, the said Mr. George remained with the gentlemen of Kyle till that he got sure knowledge of the state of Dundee. He preached commonly in the church of Galston, and frequently in the Bar. He was required to come to Mauchline, and so he did, but the Sheriff of Ayr, Campbell, Laird of Loudon, caused to man the church for the preservation of a tabernacle that was in it beautiful to the eye. The persons who held the church, were George Campbell of Mongarwood, Mungo Campbell of Brownside, George Reid in Dandilling, the laird of Templeland. Some zealous of the parish, at the head of whom was Hugh Campbell, laird of Kinzeancleugh, offended that they should be debarred their parish church, determined that they should enter it by force; but the said George Wishart withdrew the said Hugh, and said to him; "Brother, Christ Jesus is as mighty 'in the fields as in the church,' &c. Robert, son of the said Campbell of Kinzeancleugh, was a strenuous friend of John Knox, through all his trials before and after the completion of the Reformation. In the winter of 1555, John Knox taught commonly in Edinburgh; and after Christmas, by persuasion of Barclay of Bar, and Campbell of Kinzeancleugh, he came to Kyle, and taught in the Bar, in the house of the Carnel, in Kinzeancleugh; and in the houses of Ochiltree and Cathgerth."

KNOX'S HIST. OF REFOR.

24 From John Scott, *Erigena*, in the reign of Gregory, to Camp-

bells of Kinzeancleugh, Cessnock, and Newmilns, and the other Lollards of Kyle, in 1494; and, indeed, until the reformed religion was firmly established, I may be bold to say, that it was commenced in Ayrshire, and by the assistance of Ayrshire happily completed.

25 *Glencairn, you noble hermit of Larite.*

Here follows the very ironical Epistle of Alexander, Earl of Glencairn, to the Greyfriars.

“ I THOMAS hermit in Larite,
Saint Francis brother heartily greet,
Beseeching you with firm intent,
To be watchful and diligent ;
For thir Lutherans risen of new,
Our order daily doth pursue.
These sneaks do set their whole intent
To read this English New Testament :
And faith, we have them clean deceived ;
Therefore in haste they must be stopped.
Our stately hypocrisy they prize,
And do blaspheme us on this wise,
Saying that we are heretics,
And false loud lying mattin-tykes,
Cummerers and quellers of Christ’s kirk.
Such lazy scemlers that will not wirk,
But idly our living wins,
Devouring wolves into sheeps skins,

Hurkland with huids into our neek,
With Judas mind to jouk and beck,
Seeking God's people to devour,
The overthrowers of God's glor,
Professors of hypocrisy,
Doctors in idolatry,
Fishers with the fiend's net,
The upclosers of heaven's gate,
Cancard eorrupters of the ereed,
Hemlock-sowers among good seed,
To throw in brambles that do men twist,
The high way kennand them from Christ,
Monsters with the beast's mark,
Dogs that never stint to bark,
Churchmen that are to Christ unkent,
A sect that Satan's self has sent,
Lurking in holes like traitor-tods,
Maintainers of idols and false gods,
Fantastic fools, and frenzy flatterers,
To turn from the truth the very teachers.
For to declare their whole sentence,
Would much cumber your consciencet.
To say your faith it is so stark,
Your cord and lousie coat and sark,
Ye lippen may you bring to salvation,
And quite excludes Christ his passion?

I dread this doctrine an it last,
Shall either gar us work or fast ;
Therefore with speed we must provide.
And not our profit over-slide.
I schaip myself within short while,
To curse our lady in Argyle,
And there some crafty ways to wirk,
Till that we builded have one kirk.
Since miracles made by your advice,
The Kitterels thought they had but liec,
The two parts to us they will bring ;
But orderly to dress this thing,
A ghaist I purpose for to cause gang,
By counsel of friar Walter Lang,
Whicin shall make certain demonstrations
To help us in our procurations,
Your holy order to decore,
That practice he prov'd onçe before,
Betwixt Kirkcaldy and Kinghorn :
But lymmers made thereat such scorn,
And to his fame made such digression,
Since-syn he heard not the king's confession ;
Though at that time ne came with speed,
I pray you take good will as deed,
And some among yourselves receive,
As one worth mary of the lave.

What I obtain you through his art,
Reason would ye had your part.
Your order handles no money,
But for other casualty,
As beef, meal, butter, and cheese,
Or what else you have that you please,
Send your brethren, *et habete*,
As now not else, but *valete*.
Be Thomas your brother at command,
A culrunc keith'd through many a land."

KNOX'S HIST. OF REFORM.

26 *Who, forc'd by bloody priestcraft, had to roam.—*

The Author's great-grandfather, John Campbell, farmer and occasional warrior of Loudon, was one of those unhappy creatures who, like his grandson, was often shot at by the adherents of Popery. After having been at the defeat of Claverhouse, at Drumelog, Loudon Hill, &c. he, with many others, was, for a considerable time, hunted about through all the moors and mosses in the upper part of Ayrshire : and, with his cousin, Campbell of Welwood, was about to embark for the Colonies; but advised by his friend, the Rev. Mr. Peden, he accompanied that good man to Ireland where, for some time, he was as much exposed as in Ayrshire! After a series of persecutions and losses, he was permitted to die in peace during the reign of William and Mary, His brother was less for-

tunate; he embarked for the Colonies, and with many others, was purposely shipwrecked on the Orkney Islands.

Vide Wodrow's Collection, &c.

27 *Here Scotia's foul disgrace were first disjoin'd.*

Lord Hailes quotes an eternal disgrace to the then Barons of Scotland from *Rymer's Fædera*. *Vide ANNALS of SCOTLAND*. "Be it known to all men! whereas, we, with the Commons of our Country did rise in arms against our Lord, Edward, and against his peace, in his territory of Scotland, and Galloway, did burn, slay, and commit divers robberies; we, therefore, in our name, and in the name of all of our adherents, agree to make every reparation and atonement that shall be required by our sovereign Lord. Reserving always what is contained in a writing that we have procured from Sir Henry Percy, and Sir Robert Clifford, Commanders of the English forees, *At Irvine, 9th of July, 1297.* *Fædera*, T. 11. P. 774. Lord Hailes adds, from an addendum to the above instrument, viz. "*Escript a sirc Willaume!*" that the Barons had notified 'o Wallace that they had made conditions for themselves.

28 *That issued blood—by secret Heaven devis'd—*

"In the year of 1184, a fountain near Kilwiuning ran blood for eight days and nights. This was considered by the historical Monk, who noted it, an omen of the blood that was to be spilled in Scotland, during the contentions of Bruce and Balliol: or rather Bruce and Edward of England. The Monk asserted that it was pure blood!"

ANNALS of SCOTLAND.

29 *Kilburnie and Kelburn.*

The beautiful Seats of the Earls of Crawford and Glasgow; the former has been long uninhabited.

30 *Hence, Coila, let me track thy dang'rous coast.*

Ayrshire contains nearly seventy miles of sea-coast, but nature has been truly unkind to her in harbours. Ardrossan and Troon are the only places capable of being made useful to navigators. The latter place is, by the indefatigable exertions of the Duke of Portland, and at his sole expence, become a very neat little cove for all the common purposes of safety to small vessels. Indeed, outward bound ships from the Clyde, not drawing more than sixteen feet water, might safely ride out a south west gale in it, instead of running back to Greenock.

Ardrossan, owing to similar exertions on the part of the Earl of Eglinton, is also capable of affording shelter to vessels that may be embayed in any part to the westward of Troon, of that dangerous bight, which extends from the Heads of Ayr to the Cumbrae islands; a distance, I presume from sight, of not less than fifteen leagues, embracing a range of shelving sandy coast, affording no anchorage. The mouths of the creeks at the confluence of the little rivers Ayr and Irvine, with the firth of Clyde, are wholly impracticable to strangers. As a man capable of feeling for the distresses of my fellow creatures, I must pass over the very ingenious *Railway* which connects Kilmarnock with Troon. It, and every invention tending

to diminish manual labour, and throw labouring hands on the community, will ever be at strife with disinterested patriotical feelings-- to which such inventions will scarcely be reconcilable, however well the plea of local necessity may be established ! What, for instance, can be more annoying to the feeling mind, at the present distressful period, than to observe a boy of twelve years of age, conduct, or, capable of conducting, 16 Tons of Coals, the distance of eight or nine miles ? Thus the labour of sixteen men, on an average, is performed by the boy ! I cannot close this long note without observing, that it is well for the landed Proprietors of this county, whose Coals are generally shipped for Ireland, at the Ports of Ayr, Irvine, or Saltcoats, that the advice of persons, affecting a local knowledge, or, the inflexible stubbornness of the noble Proprietor, (I know not which,) keeps up the price of Coals at Troon, considerably higher than that at any of the above places ! For were his Lordship inclined to accumulate an addition to the fortune which he already possesses, or the means of carrying on his harbour, or views, on a more extensive scale than at present, without the necessity of sinking more capital than that which he has already sunk, and, at the same time, to materially injure all the Proprietors of Coal estates along the coast of Ayrshire, he would only have to lower the Port duties, and coal price, at Troon, to an equality with those Ports, and nine out of ten Coal merchants would send their vessels to Troon for cargoes !

But the high prices and Port duties, and the little encouragement

to *Fewars*, for building-ground, may be only a feint or necessary resource until Basins and Docks are prepared for the reception of shipping; for, were the plan adopted, the present Port would be much too limited for the very extensive commerce which would consequently ensue. There is a field of practical speculation yet before me, better calculated for an Essay than for a Note. I shall, however, be brief.

By cutting large Basins, and Docks, at Troon, (and it might as easily be done there as at Liverpool, where are some of the finest in the world, though of difficult and dangerous access, naturally obviated at Troon!) it would, with the assistance of the *now* mischievous Railway, make Kilmarnock the capital of the west; and, in a short time considerably diminish the revenue of Greenock and Port-Glasgow. For, the safe approach and easy access to Troon, render it more desirable to Navigators than any Port of Clyde: particularly so, when we take into consideration its local advantages, seated on the coast of a plentiful country, and its vicinity to St. George's Channel, and the Atlantic Ocean; advantages unpossessed by Greenock and Port-Glasgow.—

And, as Kilmarnock and Greenock are equidistant from Glasgow, so the land carriage would be no more than lighterage on the Clyde; provided a *Railway* was made, to run parallel with the main road, from Kilmarnock to Glasgow, which would effectually answer all the purposes of a canal, throwing the practicability of cutting one out of the question, with an immense saving of time and capital.

Thus, at Kilmarnock, the inhabitants of Ayrshire would find a more ready and extensive mart of all the necessaries of life, and a good and ready market; and the *auld wives* would have sugar, twopence, and tea, one or two shillings *per* pound cheaper than at present.—As a Watering place, Troon has qualities that would, with improvements, render it a more desirable one than Porto Bello; indeed, little would make it the Brighton of the north. Independently of a fine beach, and pure sea water, its neighbourhood is also possessed of mineral springs, which, if analysed, I think would be found equal in medicinal virtues to those in the neighbourhood of the metropolis. But I have already dwelt too long on a subject which requires a volume!—a Note being wholly inadequate to describe Troon.

As I have, at the commencement of this long Note, conjoined the little Ports of Ardrossan and Troon,—places of more real interest and importance than any others in the county,—so, I cannot conclude, without first glancing at the former of these Ports;—not in prejudice!—but in feelings of the most profound respect and veneration for the patriotic principles of the noble owner, who has wisely considered the good of the present and future times; and by indefatigably persevering on his truly useful way, has, with his private fortune, only, surmounted obstacles, that thousands would have considered insurmountable, with treble means more than those he possessed.

On a superficial view of his Lordship's plans, I might say that I have, in common with thousands, to regret that nature seems to

have effectually opposed him in some of his principal views ; but, on closer inspection, the wisdom of unerring Heaven, in this apparent opposition, appears to have been long clearly and perfectly understood by Lord Ardrossan ; who, it is believed, has been many years in a state of coalition with Providence for the good of mankind ; particularly for the superfluous poor around the country.

Were it possible for human creatures to penetrate the impervious veil that hangs between mortality and immortality, to their sight the reasoning of the All-wise Being, with his noble Agent on the subject, might run nearly thus :—“ You are possessed of ideas that would induce you to believe, that the good of your country and of your family would be essentially promoted, could your plans be carried into immediate effect. At the moment of creation, I thought proper to oppose the plans which I have since placed in your mind, to answer mine own (to you mysterious !) purposes; foreseeing that the immoveable barrier which I then placed in the way of mine own agency, would essentially contribute and tend to the comfort and happiness of many of my creatures, whenever that agency, in your suggestions, was opposed to the barrier. And, bear in mind, that the same Power that placed mountains of obstacles between you and your wishes, is the same that gave you the means, and actuated you to attempt to surmount them; at the same time, restricted your success in proportion to the extent of human happiness ! namely, to look into your own bosom, and there, if possible, find and read the reward of virtuous and useful actions ; where conscience, un-

clogged by the weight of indolence or of mispent time, or of an improper application of the means my Providence placed at your disposal, for the benefit of my creatures, will at once inspire you to rest! You have, as far as humanity will permit, discharged your duty to me, and to your fellow creatures!" the Christian's noblest triumph, and cause for hope!

Since Ardrossan and Troon have acquired so much real utility to the nation at large, the eyes of the Patriot are

No more exposed to shocking sights "around—
The wreck, the shore, the dying and the drown'd."

31 *I yet, with feudal pride, could view the dome.*

" The noble ancestor of the Earl of Eglinton had a castle built for him, as a ransom for his noble and truly gallant prisoner, Hotspur Percy, whom he took with his own hand, at the battle of Otterburn in 1388."

PEERAGE OF SCOTLAND.

32 *Possessing all that could embellish man.*

The Chevalier Ramsay, author of "The travels of Cyrus," was born near the town of Ayr. National partiality would make his friend, the celebrated Fenelon, Archbishop of Cambray, borrow the plan of his "Telemachus," from the Chevalier, which imitation has been followed up by the elegant writer, Barthesmy, in his "Jeune Anacharsis." But the opinion is erroneous; it was, I think, *vice versa.*

33 And Simpson, too, whose soaring lofty lere.

Doctor Simpson, of the University of Glasgow, was a native of Ayrshire. He was justly celebrated as a deep mathematician, and distinguished, in the learned world, by his elegant translation of "Euclid," "Conic Sections," &c.

34 Thee, noble Cochrane ! whose expanded mind—

I need scarcely mention the noble Earl of Dundonald. The expenditure of a handsome fortune and paternal estate; and, more to be lamented than all, the loss of health, are all this truly scientific nobleman has obtained by an age of useful toil and research!

35 And Murdoch!—pass the author without blame.

Mr. Murdoch, an ingenious native of Ayrshire, has invented and brought to perfection many useful parts of machinery for the better extraction of gas. His father, the honest and scientific Proprietor of Bella-miln, made a Wooden Horse on wheels; on which, by the assistance of propelling poles, he used to visit Cumnock market.

36 Catrine, Barskimming, Auchinleck,

Celebrated by their respective Owners, each of whom stands deservedly high in the learned world. The seats form a triangle; the two former, situate on the banks of Ayr, take its course for the connecting side, and the two latter have the Lugar, whose confluence with *auld Ayr*, is near Barskimming. On the banks of Lugar, nearly equidistant from Catrine and Barskimming, stands Auchin-

leck House, the seat of Alexander Boswell, Esq. Over the door of that house I noticed the following sentence, which I find is the last in the Epistle of Horace *ad Bullatum*, viz.

—————“*Quod petis hic est:*
“*Est Ulubris, animus si te non deficit æquus!*

which may be rendered, “What you seek is here, (at home,) if ‘a just (or even) temper of mind is not your want.’” The above has been frequently imitated, or quoted, by many of our British Poets in their invitations of friends, but by none more appositely than by the present Proprietor; whose father, the friend and Biographer of Doctor Johnson, has left his son a proud patrimony, not in lands or money—though apparently enough of both—but in honest exertions in the cause of Freedom, as exemplified in the case of the poor Negro!

Vide Boswell's Life of Johnson.

At Catrine, the family seat of Dr. Dugald Stuart, is a thriving village, and large Cotton Manufactory, begun by the late Claude Alexander of Ballamyle, Esq. on whose estate it is built. Barskimming is one of the seats of Lor.l Glenlee! For the very facetious manner in which Adam Reid, laird of this estate in 1494, treated Blackater, Archbishop of Glasgow, in the royal presence, see Knox's History of the Reformation, page 65.; or Glasgow Register.

That dyed red Flodden's field,

“The ancestor of the present Laird was killed at Flodden, with his King, and the power of the Scottish nobles, on the 9th of September, 1513.”

Douglas' Peerage.

37 These Stanzas were sent to a worthy young friend of mine, after he had planted an oak to my memory on the banks of Ayr.

38 *Coila's Nightingales.*

These lines I wrote at the request of a Lady; and, were occasioned by a little piece of Poetry in "The Ayrshire Magazine," in which the Author, in one of his poetical flights along the banks of Garnock, heard Nightingales; and added, that "Love was folly!"

39 These Stanzas are only a repetition of the expressed feelings of the peasantry, some years ago, around Ballamyle. To whose worthy, late and much lamented, owner, they stood indebted for the before mentioned Manufactory of Catrine, which gives employment to many hundreds of people of both sexes, who here enjoy, in a cleanly comfortable way the bread of labour. The exemplary actions of Mr. Alexander justly entitled him to the lasting gratitude of an extensive peasantry, by whom he was considered a third Man of Ross.—In deeds the two he resembled,—but surpassed them in fortune. The Works so founded now belong to the opulent firm of James Finlay, & Co. of Glasgow, and are under the superintendance of Archibald Buchanan, Esq. one of the Company. As I have been honoured with his friendship, and have passed some happy weeks in the bosom of his amiable family, I will confine myself to say, only, that he retains and practises, in an eminent degree, the virtues of his much esteemed and patriotic predecessor. This I know to be short of the opinion of those who know him in the social circle, or in his important office of Justice of the Peace of the county.

Having struck out a new road whereon to travel as a Tourist, I intend to pace on, and assume to myself the privilege of opinion, to which every person is entitled; and to draw a picture which may make the friends of humanity ashamed of some of their fellow-creatures.

Within a few years, this county has become the residence of many adventurers, who, like the author, in poverty (though in a less honourable service,) crossed the Atlantic and Indian oceans; from which returned in a state of affluence, they have, to appearance, forgotten what they formerly were. Hardened against the claims of humanity on the plains of Hindoostan, or on the mountains of Jamaica, the poor are forbidden to approach their gates!—or on approaching, are hunted thence by dogs, and obliged to retire unrelieved and streaming in blood! This is not conjecture. Many of these affluent, though miserable and truly unhappy wretches, who, like Mushrooms, have sprung from the soil, are so justly punished by the Almighty for their inhuman conduct, that their guilty consciences are ever haunted and tormented with the fear of dying in want; insomuch, that their original dunghills, transformed into a worse than hell, are ever yawning before them. On enquiring, I am happy to find, that the noblemen and established gentlemen of the county, allow them to enjoy their mode of life without interruption, arising from visits or familiar intercourse, which is probably no inconsiderable addition to their already laden consciences.
—Were I inclined to draw a contrast, I would hold before such

characters that of my worthy friend lately mentioned; a man, who, raised himself in life, and had the happiness to experience misfortunes in the early part of it; yet maintains, now in prosperity, the same urbanity and snavity of manners, and the same amiable and engaging disposition, that he did before his unwearied and useful labours gave him his present fortune, which he enjoys in common with the community around him—each in a proportional ratio. To such miserable wretches as the foregoing, Lucretius would hint to keep in mind—

“*Eternas nigra pœnas in morte timendum,*”

“They have reason to dread eternal torments after death !”

They are the worst and rankest species of the “Weeds of Coila.”

—————*Que caput, ille habet.*

40 *Now will I stray to Sorn, along the Ayr.*

Sorn, noted for an aneient Castle, formerly the residence of the Dowager Countess of Loudon, to whom the people around Sorn and Loudon are much indebted for the roads laid out by her Ladyship, and many useful improvements in the agriculture of those days. It is now the property of my worthy friend Wm. Sommerville, Esq. who, with his amiable sister, continues to alleviate distress, and cheer the beds of sorrow around him. This Parish also produced one of the most distinguished Covenanters—Mr. Alexander Peden. noted for his extraordinary escapes from the slaughtering russians of James the seventh ; and for a string of Predictions, many of which are said to have come to pass.

41 And he whose stone adorns yon deep morass.

The Rev. Mr. Richard Cameron lies buried in Aird's-moss, with seven of his followers, who were here slain by the *noble* Graham of Claverhouse !!! afterwards promoted to high honours, at the request of a minister of butchering memory, for imbruining his hands in the blood of his countrymen!—his peaceful unoffending countrymen! Oh, honours to be blushed at by his latest posterity—if the Almighty spares the race of the wicked! In history, we find that in those days it was a crime of the first magnitude for relations to communicate with relations, as may be seen in the case of Andrew Heron, laird of Kerochtree, the worthy ancestor of the good and truly amiable Lady Heron Maxwell. He was saved, as by a miracle, from being butchered, for holding communion with his own son.

Would it not be merciful as well as dutiful to prevent such circumstances recurring, to the disgrace of humanity and reason? particularly at the present period, when such splendid mansions and august preparations are making over the United Kingdom, more especially this part of it, for the better accommodation of a Lady, to banish whom it cost the blood of thousands; and whose mild and gentle votaries, before she was expelled, often kindled the fires of Smithfield, St. Andrews, &c.? I hope, that as a Briton, I will be allowed to remind the noblemen and gentlemen of Ayrshire, in either House of Parliament, that there are such places in the county to which they belong, as Loudon Hill, Mauchline Green, Aird's Moss, &c.; and, that the ancestors of the individuals whom they have the honour to represent, bled in those places by the sangu-

nary agents of Popery. I sincerely hope that no party question, or stone demi-gods or devils from the Pope, will make them lose sight of the duty they owe themselves, jointly with their constituents, by again allowing the whore of Babylon to defile the sanctuary of wisdom, reason, and experience, under the delusive cloak of fair promises, covering her supporters, Bigotry, Murders, Superstition, and Persecution. Let no person think me illiberal in my views of Catholicism; or that my wrath proceeds from hereditary hatred of its principles; no, I speak from personal sufferings, and experience. I have visited every Catholic country from Rome to Goa; and have found in each, the same Catholic or universal warfare against Protestants, and the same bloody system of "doing God service," by the murder of all who have the temerity to dissent from the doctrine of bigotry and of superstition. Indeed, the many dark and midnight murders of those suspected of being inimical to their system, is not to be wondered at, when the unrepealed councils and decrees of the Fathers, at Trent and Lateran, declaring the death of a heretic an act the most grateful in the sight of God, are among the first precepts imprinted on the young Catholic mind—perhaps with a little qualification!—in countries which I have visited, and I may venture to add, that precepts similar to the above, are the means of bringing many an uneducated hind, to swell the awful account of those deluded creatures from Ireland, who forfeit their lives to violated laws; of which the Newgate Calendar is an almost undoubted proof.

Liberty of conscience, in the mouths of some, are mighty big

words! Let their interests—for charity or fellow-feeling has nothing to do with them!—be favoured, and the squeamish conscience will soon assume a quiet tone. My humble or elevated object would be to promote the greatest good imaginable, with the least possible ill! But my system would be immediately reversed were a Catholic emancipation to take place in these islands, while a foreign Power is at the head and control of spiritual matters. For it is almost needless to add, that the spirit will always govern its covering—the body! Opposition, whether right or wrong, is now become so fashionable, that we would rather occasionally dispense with reason than be unfashionable, however necessary might be the sacrifice. “Oh, Times! Oh, Manners!” I just now feel inclined to apostrophise! Oh, spirit of honest John Knox! Thou art surely looking down with an eye of contemptuous pity on the enlightened sons of thy hearers! The mansion in which thou often didst pour forth the clear unadulterated truths of revelation, is permitted to moulder away like an old barn, while stately domes are lifting their *modern Gothic heads*! For nothing less than the *old* system will do in buildings now; and, I presume, in actions hereafter! And, noble spirit, as it were perpetually to insult thy plain unadorned system of devotion and memory, the Statue of an ignoble luxurious adulterer; whose only cares, during his reign, were to overturn that system, is standing before its sanctuary! placed there by men, whose canine principles (thus licking the hand held out to destroy them,) give neighbouring nations a handle for raillery, even though the stigma was removed. It is, however, a comfort to the thinking mind, that the feeling Sta-

raguel, published from the Auchinleck MSS. and edited by Dr. M'Cree.

44 *So the Wanderer that by Ailsa strays.*

From a position near Ailsa, the beautiful pile of buildings forming the Castle, &c. of Culzean, is a striking resemblance of the ruins of Agrigentum in Sicily, when about six or seven leagues at sea. I have not the honour of knowing the present possessor, but have read of his noble ancestor, who generously assisted John Knox to banish Popery.

45 *Thence to Melrose' tributary cell.*

At Mauchline, of which the Countess of Loudon is Baroness, and superior of the surrounding estates, was a house of religious gentry tributary to the Abbey of Melrose. The house itself has gone to ruin; but the old tower, in which were the kitchen, and other domestic apartments, for the convenience of the Monks, is still standing; and, by courtesy, has the local title of Castle. The Church, built in the reign of David, commonly called Robert, King of Scots, till the reformation of religion, was one of the best ornamented with the paraphernalia of Popery, in the west of Scotland. The inhabitants of Mauchline, however, report it now to be in want of two very essential necessities to devotion. A Charter, constituting this village a Borough, was obtained by the Earl of Loudon; but I was surprised on reading, that about a century ago the inhabitants were so negligent of their own rights, that they actually lost their Charter.

46 *Mosgiel, I greet ye, and the fields around.*

Mosgiel is on the estate of Mr. Alexander of Ballamyle; and was

farmed by Burns, while rented by Mr. Gavin Hamilton, in Mauchline.

Vide CURRIE'S LIFE of BURNS.

48 *Maids of Coila.*

A gossipping Borough not a thousand miles from the centre of Ayrshire, contains these amiable girls that shall live while my rhyme lives, if it were only to the appearance of the first review after publication. When a celebrated Statesman, and occasional Poet, knew only about twenty ladies at the British court, worthy of being celebrated, surely I will be pardoned for noticing only six from an Ayrshire village; where, indeed, I might have trebled the number. As my little Tour will find its way into the drawing room, and there naturally enough create an anxiety or wish to become acquainted with the ladies, whose outlines I have sketched unknown to them! so it is thence incumbent on me to say, that should the daughter of a nobleman feel any curiosity that way, I consider myself called upon to acquaint her, that, if she is not in possession of the amiable and engaging virtues that embellish her sex—they are her superiors. Should the daughters of any of that dwarfish sort of beings, who, by mistaken pride, too frequently partake more of the Plebeian than Patrician order, (Selkirk Knights,) wish to know who my amiable friends are; I would answer, that their fathers were never so meanly employed, as kidnapping and transporting poor wretches to people the wilds of Nova Scotia. But should the daughters of squires, or country gentlemen, merchants, magistrates, and manufacturers, wish to be informed their rank in society, they are of similar parentage, but of the highest class! for the Virtues are their friends and monitors.

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49 *Mary of the Muse.*

An amiable young friend of mine, who was considered by her mother too young to go to an Assembly, where I added one to the number. She wrote some very beautiful lines on the occasion, in which she introduced a very interesting lady, who consoled her from under a "Veil of Gauze."

50 *So here was Bard, whose serious piercing gaze.*

Until lately, I had erroneously imagined that Mr. Blair, Author of "The Grave!" was a native of Ayrshire! From Blake's edition of that Poem, I learn, for the first time, that he was born in Edinburgh. I therefore embrace this opportunity of expressing my regret for attempting, however unintentionally, to deprive that city of the honour of being the birth-place of such a man as the Rev. Robert Blair.

51 *Muirkirk.*

This was the jaunt of a winter night, on which I often wished myself at our destination. The hospitality we experienced from Mr. Falconer, the Manager of the extensive Iron works at Muirkirk, and his amiable lady, shall ever have a place in my memory. It far more than compensated the little difficulties encountered to experience it.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

HAVING courted information on the subjects I have noticed, I have now to acquaint those who may read the preceding Rhyme and Tour, that, out of Sixty-two Letters I have received, Fifty-seven are anonymous! The others are connected with matters which my Correspondents will find I had briefly noticed before I received them. But as my little Tour has considerably gone beyond the bounds in which my original calculation had confined it, so I cannot in this edition enter more fully into the subject. The Letter signed “*Veritas*,” from Stair, requesting me to publish to the world the villainy of an Emigrant Gentleman’s Factor, (whose estate lies between Mauchline and Ayr,) in keeping 400 bolls of Oatmeal from the market, for the purpose of raising the prices, would have found a conspicuous place in my Tour, had the writer of the Letter attested the fact in a proper manner. Such inhuman conduct, alike detestable in the eyes of God and every feeling man, should be execrated and published as a mark of infamy to the world, and the guilty wretch horse-whipped through every market town in the kingdom. The Letter signed “Shade of unworldly Knox!” complaining of “the Priests! (ministers I suppose,) in the upper part of the county, being guilty of fewer spiritual than temporal matters, and of conveying their Oatmeal from their own Parishes to others in the dead of night, where it may be a *penny dearer per peck*,” If true, (which I very much doubt, though three of my Correspondents mention it!) the community has much cause to regret the dependance of, and the want of a more adequate provision

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

for that very learned, venerable, and highly respectable body of men; and, on their parts, the want of that charity which many of them are in the habit of endeavouring to promote. The Letters from the Mauchline district exceed the number from any other part of the county. One respectable family, in particular, is pointed out in a very unfavourable view! The writer says that, "A true account of the family's actions would eclipse the School for Scandal! and be an excellent subject for a Novel, which he recommends me to commence writing;—and adds, that he would enable me to draw the characters from real life." Now this person must really have a very high opinion of himself, and a very despicable one of the author. Is it possible that he could think to reduce me to the level of his own grovelling malicious slander, for the purpose of dissecting the peace and comforts of a respectable family, to satisfy his unmanly, unchristian-like appetite?—forbid it truth! forbid it honour! forbid it human nature!—Thou, who thyself, art liable to little weaknesses and infirmities.

The Letters signed "Reader," "Preacher," "Congregation," &c. contain matter quite out of my line of enquiry. If I find morality in the county, I care not how or where it emanates! knowing that it tends to happiness here and hereafter. I would, however, recommend the writers, or "Body of Men, Women, &c." to bear up patiently under what they term "afflictions;" and would assure them that patience is seldom alone! she is generally accompanied with some of her sister principles of the True Christian, and is ultimately sure of her reward.

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